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THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND HER DAUGHTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.

Drawn by Mr. S. Begg from a Photograph by A. Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Stevenson, always full of grotesque suggestion, once proposed, we are told, to establish an exchange for consciences, and even a trade journal in which they could be advertised for sale or barter. The idea to a City man may seem unpractical, but it is not unadapted for the purposes of fiction. Sir Walter Besant has given us a capital story founded on the sale of an appetite, which is at least as difficult to dispose of, even by private contract. In reflecting upon "the prosperity of the wicked," which annoys us who are "poor but honest" exceedingly, notwithstanding the advice of the Psalmist, we sometimes wonder whether we could not get a little property by their methods without losing much of our self-respect. The amount, of course, would vary with our needs and circumstances; but without going through the whole gamut of dishonesty, which may be necessary for the accumulation of great wealth, would it not be possible for us to be slightly less virtuous and better off? Nothing (of course) would induce us to change places with the millionaire, no money would recompense us for his agonies of remorse—for that concert of "widows' groans and orphans' moans" that sounds perpetually in his ears; but could we not relieve him of a fraction of this burthen in return for a proportionate sum of money? In the days foreshadowed by Stevenson there would be, no doubt, assessors who would calculate the amount to a nicety. One sleepless night per week caused by widows' moans might be rated, say, at £500 a year; and ditto, ditto, by orphans' moans (presumably not so disturbing) at £250. It would be interesting for a student of human nature, in possession of the circumstances, to watch the improvement in the millionaire's moral condition and the deterioration in that of the other party, who, nevertheless, becomes in material respects considerably more comfortable. Becky Sharp was confident that upon ten thousand a year (or was it five?) she would have been a most respectable young woman; but she can scarcely be reckoned as a person suitable to this kind of exchanges, as she had no conscience to part with; her notion, moreover, of wealthy people being good was original but ridiculous. Upon the whole one concludes that though persons (such as my readers) with a large reserve of virtue could draw a little, as it were, out of their deposit accounts and purchase a fragment of bad conscience without much moral hurt, it would be rather a dangerous plan for ordinary folks. It would seem hardly worth while to lose one's respect (though I have known many persons of the contrary opinion) for a small sum, and there would be a great temptation to *go on* exchanging.

When one takes up some weekly paper in which there is column after column of "Answers to Correspondents," one recognises how very much the world is in need of advice. Some persons have their legal adviser, some their family doctor, and a few their domestic chaplain, but there end their channels of information; and it is not everybody who can afford to consult even them. We have a "Universal Provider"—why should we not have a "Universal Adviser"? Anything in the way of a new profession, to relieve the overflowing market, would be welcome, and this particular calling would be so very convenient. How often do we hear folks say they have no one to apply to for guidance respecting some course the direction of which may be the turning-point of their lives? Even if they have some intelligent relative whom they are accustomed to consult upon ordinary occasions, the matter in question may be out of his line; and there is nothing more futile than to seek advice from persons who are no more competent than ourselves. Of course no single human being could be equal to the weight of wisdom and knowledge required of him, but an institute might be established where every kind of counsel could be kept on tap. This, it is clear, would be much more in request than mere information, which could be acquired elsewhere. In one room would be found a lawyer, in another a doctor, in another a divine (for persons who are perplexed by theological problems), and so on; but the first-floor apartments (so to speak) would be occupied by a rarer and higher class of advisers—arbitrators in family disputes, smoothers of delicate scruples, assessors of extra-judicial payments, and keepers, in short, of the universal conscience.

Conceive the immense convenience of having all this mental machinery under one roof. For it often happens that a man may need advice upon one or two things wholly different, though they may have some indirect connection with one another; or a visit to the lawyer may necessitate one to the doctor (I am never well after that kind of interview myself), and a visit to the doctor may, to a nervous disposition, possibly suggest one to a clergyman. A whole floor would probably be taken up by literary advisers, the persons in want of counsel upon that matter being extremely numerous; and, among other advantages, this would tend to relieve popular writers and editors from an intolerable strain. Instead of telling applicants to go to the deuce, they would only have to refer them to the Universal Advice Institution, where their talents would be estimated and their future predicted "while they wait"; for an extra charge, dependent upon the amount of time consumed, they might be permitted to

bring their manuscripts and read them aloud, which is what they always yearn to do. Every communication would be considered private and confidential, and the fees would vary according to the importance of the transaction.

A centenarian—and, indeed, more so, for he was 106—has recently left us under unusual, because prosperous, circumstances. For a trifle of eighty years or so he was a country gentleman: most centenarians, I have noticed, die in the workhouse. There is another thing to be remarked about persons whose years reach to three figures—that until they do die nobody has ever heard of them. There are many examples of men living to a great age who have distinguished themselves, but none who have made this "record" in the department of longevity. Sir George Rose, indeed, boastfully declared that he meant to be buried in a "cent'ry"-box instead of a coffin; but he never qualified for that distinction. It is amazing what store persons, apparently intelligent and of good judgment in other matters, seem to set upon this feat of existence. It is bad enough to lag superfluous on the stage, to outlive one's friends and one's welcome; but to become a human *Alexandrine*, who, like a wounded snake, drags his slow length along—if, indeed, he can move at all—is surely a most pitiable subject of ambition. The sole explanation of this praise of unnatural longevity is the fear of death—

The weariest and most loath'd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death,

says Claudio in the play; but it is only Claudio and fanatics who think with him.

The accounts of centenarians in old days have generally something sprightly and cheerful about them, which has naturally excited incredulity. Nowadays the most we can say, as is said of the late example in question, is "He died with almost all his senses about him." Three out of the five, perhaps, if he was exceptionally fortunate, and the others decaying. The comforts of life were probably all gone, though he stuck to his tobacco till he was ninety. If a centenarian preserved any of *them*, our ancestors were very careful to mention it. In Carew's "Survey of Cornwall" we have these verses on one Brawne, who lived to 120 (a beggar, of course)—

Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,
Ale did his death deprive;
And could he still have drunk his ale,
He had been still alive.

What a picture of happiness! Galen, the greatest advertisement of his profession that ever existed, is said to have lived to 140, and to have been ill only for one day. His rules of life were at meals always to leave off with an appetite (which some people would call flying in the face of Providence), only to eat meat well done, and always to carry about with him something that emitted a strong odour—let us hope it was not peppermint. Old Parr and Harry Jenkins are our English champions in the way of longevity, the one living to 150, the other to 169; but the further we go back in history the longer (because there were no registers) folks lived. In the East Indies, we are told in "Baker's Chronicle," one man did not shuffle off his mortal coil for 335 years, but it is fair to say that he was a pensioner of two Governments.

In this country the difference between the judge and the criminal is strongly marked. His Lordship has very little to say to the individual he condemns to death, beyond a few words of advice which themselves seem to have been borrowed for the occasion from the chaplain. He has, it is true, no antagonistic feeling such as is exhibited by the judges in France, whose salaries, one would think, depended upon the prisoner's conviction; but his position is altogether upon another plane, and the culprit and himself have nothing in common—at all events, to talk about. In England this has always been the case, though not in Scotland, where the judges used sometimes to be extremely familiar with their victims: as when condemning his old chess-playing friend to death one remarked from the bench, "Jock, my man, I've checkmated you this time!" and another more generally observed, "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'." But in the United States the bond of humanity between the doomster and the doomed has often borne the strain even of a death sentence; indeed, in old times there was a certain tone of familiarity if not of absolute friendship in their relations. From Ford's "History of Illinois" an American lawyer has recently culled a charming example of this in a case where one Green is convicted of murder, and Judge Reynolds thus addresses him—

"Mr. Green, the jury in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now, I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I who condemn you but it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, and the court wants to know what time you would like to be hung."

The prisoner replied—

"May it please the court I am ready at any time. Those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready to suffer at any time the court may appoint."

The judge then said—

"Mr. Green, it is a serious matter to be hung; it can only happen to a man once in his lifetime, and you had better take

all the time for preparation you can get. The court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. Clerk, look at the almanack and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk, having looked at the almanack, reports—

"Your Honour, this day four weeks comes on Thursday."

The judge thereupon said—

"Mr. Green, the court gives you until this day four weeks, at which time you are to be hung."

The Attorney-General here interferes and suggests that on so solemn an occasion it is usual for a judge to pronounce a formal sentence and exhort the prisoner to repentance. The judge replies—

"Oh, Mr. Attorney, Mr. Green understands about that as well as if I preached to him for a month; he knows he is going to be hung this day four weeks: do you not, Mr. Green?"

And Mr. Green said that he did.

The ideas of people about presents vary. The case of "the young lady of Oldham"—

Who when she got presents she sold 'em.
When folks said, "How mean!"
She replied, "All serene."
And that's about all that she told 'em—

is growing more common daily. It is quite extraordinary how often "presentation copies" of books that have been given to the most eminent individuals are sent to the auctioneer immediately after their decease. The personal part of the affair is wholly unconsidered, except so far as it may enhance the selling value of the article. As to marriage presents, not a week goes by without some swain who has been "thrown over" by his lady-love suing for their return, and generally without success. There was a song once very popular called "Take back the Gift," price two shillings, upon which it was cynically remarked that if the cost had been greater it would probably not have been returned. One really fears that this must be often the case. A young woman the other day refused even to return her wedding-dress which had been given to her by her discarded lover. The judge described her conduct, like the friends of the young lady of Oldham, as "mean," but she, too, paid no attention to his observations. Her case seems even more aggravated, for what could be the use of the wedding-dress except to be married in to somebody else? To use a garment obtained in such a manner for such a purpose seems an act of cruelty only to be paralleled by that of seething a kid in its mother's milk.

The success of Rudyard Kipling in depicting life in India has produced many works upon the same subject, which, it must be confessed, do not remind us of the hand of the master; but there have been several very pleasant exceptions: "His Honour and a Lady" is one of them. Rarely has Anglo-Indian Society been sketched with so skilful a hand, while the portrait of the native—in the person of the Baboo, a rarity in fiction—is hardly less meritorious. The story, if it can be called such, has no plot, but the interest centres in Mr. Ancram, a scheming official who, while affecting to be the friend of his superior, John Church, the *pro tem.* Governor of Bengal, makes love to his wife, who to a certain extent, but involuntarily and with no loss of honour, reciprocates his affection. Church is the slave of duty, and institutes reforms which make him very unpopular: they are briefly but intelligibly described, and also their reception by the Baboos. Ancram affects to advocate them, and is supposed to do so by everybody, including his friend Doyle, who inhabits the same house with him. While the latter is abroad he receives a letter from him with comments upon Church's views—

I don't mind telling you privately that I have no respect whatever for the scheme, and very little for the author of it. He has a noble preference for the ideal of an impeccable Indian administrator, which he goes about contemplating, while his beard grows with the tale of his blunders. The end, however, cannot be far off. Bengal is howling for his retirement; and, notwithstanding a fulsome habit he has recently developed of hanging upon my neck for sympathy, I own to you that, if circumstances permitted, I would howl too.

After this letter arrives a copy of the *Bengal Free Press*, an organ of the Baboos, and in its leading article is a most caustic and effective attack upon the reform in question, to which another correspondent calls his particular attention—

As you will see, there is abundant intrinsic evidence that no native wrote it. My own idea, which I share with a good many people, is that it came from the pen of the Director of Education, which is as facile as it would very naturally be hostile. Let me know what you think; Ancram is non-committal; but he talks of Government prosecuting the paper, which looks as if the article had already done harm.

In the article there is the sentence—

But he has a noble preference for the ideal of an impeccable Indian administrator, which he goes about contemplating, while his beard grows with the tale of his blunders.

Doyle glances at the dates and finds Ancram's letter was written two days before the paper was printed. The treachery of Ancram is therefore distinctly evident. "And I," exclaims Doyle, with a twinkle at his own expense, "lived nine months in the same house as this skunk." It is in the consequences of this duplicity, not only as regards "His Honour" (for the man succeeds to Church's place) himself, but "the Lady," a most charming and delicately drawn character, that the interest of the novel culminates. But "the tricks and the manners" of the Baboos, with the effect of their intrigues upon the British Parliament, and the photographic sketches of Indian society, delight us throughout with their humorous vigour.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

The national life of Russia and the interest and attention of the civilised world generally are now, for a space, concentrated in Moscow, the ancient Russian capital, where magnificent preparations have for many weeks been afoot for the elaborate ceremonial of the Coronation of his Majesty the Czar Nicholas II. The street decorations were practically completed by the beginning of the week that is just over, and the picturesque old city has since borne itself with a very gay demeanour, in spite of a good deal of rain. The road from the Petrovsky Palace, along which the Emperor and Empress make their State procession to the Kremlin, has been entirely laid out with new pavement, and is adorned throughout its entire course with a brilliant series of decorations, band pavilions, and triumphal arches. These are, perhaps, the most gorgeous of the decorations, but all the chief thoroughfares offer an almost equally resplendent spectacle, and surmounting every trophy and monument are glittering imperial crowns and various devices bearing the initials "N. et A." Among the most effective displays is that of the British Embassy, where a particularly elaborate scheme of illumination by electricity has been prepared. The illuminations of the city generally promise to turn night into a glorified day during the prolonged festivities.

Moscow is already full to overflowing, and still the visitors arrive by day and night. The troops composing the special Coronation Army are now assembled from St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and other centres, in all some forty thousand strong, so that the military spectacle alone should be a brilliant one. Royal guests and other representatives from many foreign lands have now arrived, among them the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the representatives of Queen Victoria.

On Sunday, May 24, the Queen's birthday, a State reception and banquet is to be given at the British Embassy by Sir Nicholas O'Connor, her Majesty's Ambassador, an interesting feature of which will be the presence at the head of each of seven great tables of a lineal descendant of the Queen. These members of her Majesty's family will be the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, and the Crown Princess of Roumania. On Monday last the Emperor and Empress themselves arrived at Moscow from St. Petersburg, with their infant daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga Nicolaiyevna. Their Imperial Majesties were received at the station by the Grand Dukes, and the streets were lined by dense crowds in spite of a heavy downpour of rain. Intense enthusiasm prevailed all along the two miles of the route to the Petrovsky Palace, and the festival was ushered in by a brilliant spectacle which not even the unfavourable weather could suffice to spoil. This was not, however, the formal entry of the Czar into his capital. In accordance with ancient custom

several days are spent in comparative seclusion in the outlying Petrovsky Palace before the solemn State ceremony of the imperial procession into the august citadel of the Kremlin.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT CROYDON.

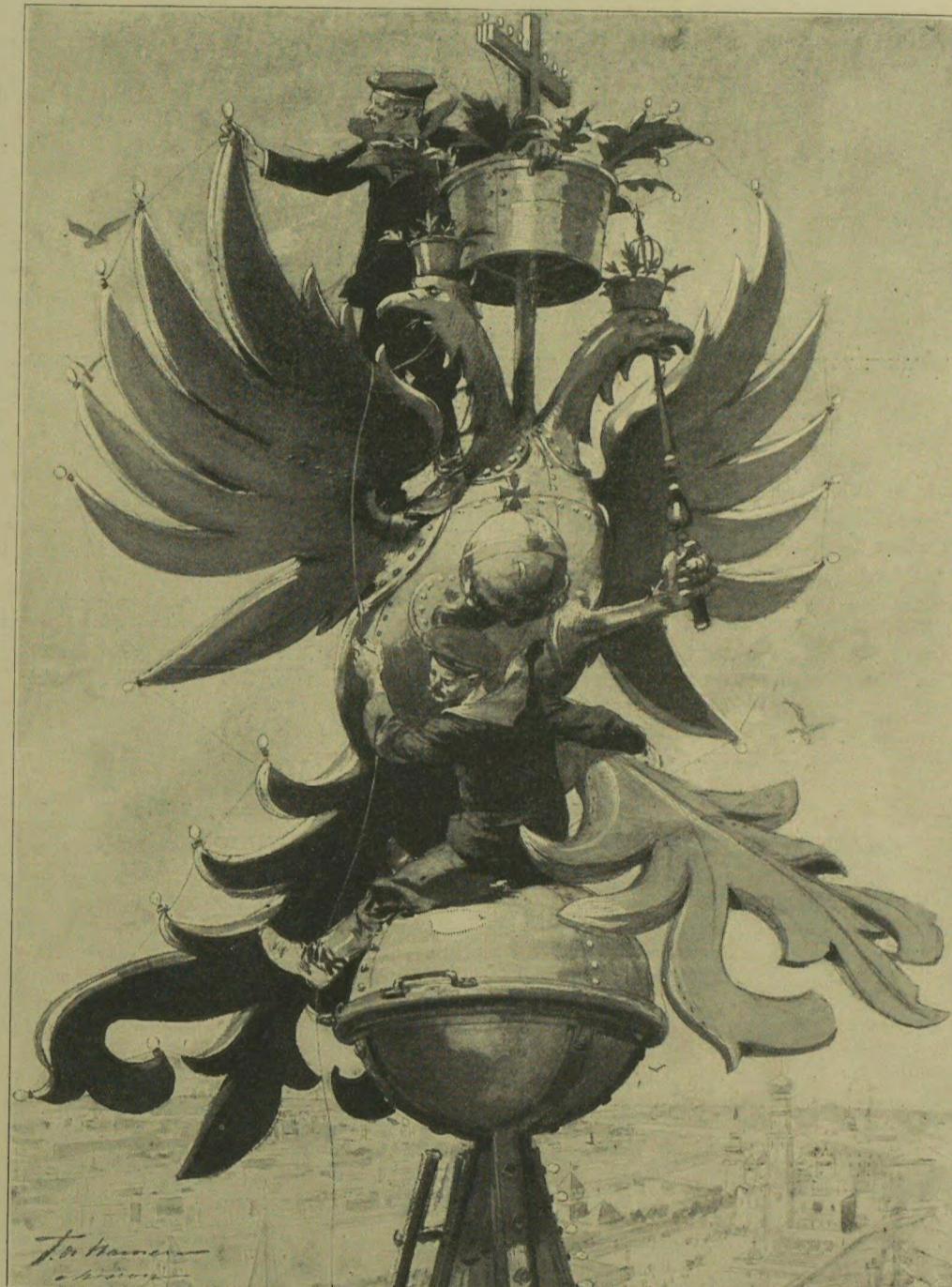
The remarkably rapid growth of the town of Croydon, the population of which has, within the last sixty years, increased from 12,500 to 120,000 inhabitants, long since rendered its Town Hall of the early years of this century unsuitable for its municipal requirements, and its elevation to the rank of a corporate town some thirteen years ago inspired the idea of the handsome and commodious public buildings which were opened by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday last.

The new offices, of which Mr. Henman is the architect, include spacious committee-rooms and a public hall and library. Croydon was *en fete* in honour of the royal visit, and gay decorations met the eye at every turn. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince Charles of Denmark, were received at West Croydon station by the Mayor and Mayoress, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., the

Recorder of Croydon, Mr. R. G. Glenn, and a committee of the Corporation, and were escorted by the Surrey troop of Hampshire Carabiniers Yeomanry. The Prince of Wales formally unlocked the chief door of the new building, and in a graceful speech congratulated the people of Croydon on their new municipal offices. After the opening ceremony, some six hundred guests were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, music and more speeches being the order of the day. After the departure of the royal party, Croydon kept high festival until a late hour in the evening.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

At the present moment, since the advanced military stations up the Nile as far as Akashéh, with the Wells of Murad in the Nubian Desert, have been garrisoned, fortified, and stored with provisions and ammunition, while the works of railway and telegraph construction, by which they are connected with Sarras and Wady Halfa, are nearly completed, the operations of the Anglo-



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: SAILORS FIXING ELECTRIC LIGHTS ON THE EAGLES ABOVE THE IPATSY TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, MOSCOW, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 180 FT.

Egyptian force do not present many novel or exciting incidents of warfare in the Soudan. But the scenes which our Special Artist continues to represent in his sketches of this expedition, such as the advance of the Camel Corps and the aspect of the Egyptian native troops, who are good soldiers and well drilled by their English officers, have still much interest as being characteristic of that region and of the different races of the population under the rule of the Khedive. The enemy, commonly spoken of as "the Dervishes," now occupying the positions of Suarda and Ferket, to the south of Akashéh, supported by about eight thousand men at Dongola, one-third of them being armed with rifles and smooth-bore muskets, and by twelve hundred more at Abu Hamed, midway on the great bend of the Nile between Dongola and Berber, may be expected to resist the intended forward march towards Dongola in the later months of the year. It is expected also that the forced retirement of Osman Digna's hostile force, defeated by the English and Egyptian troops from Souakim and Tokar, and driven westward to Adarama, on the Atbara, whence it seems to be falling back on Khartoum, will contribute to the restoration of British influence and Egyptian sovereignty in the Nubian parts of the Soudan.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Among the more prominent contributions, Mr. George Hitchcock's "Dream of Christmas" (5) is the first picture to arrest attention. A woman in grey is seated by the wayside, while around her the scene is clothed in snow. The halo round her head shows that she brings peace if not joy to the humble homestead nestling under the bare trees. The note struck by Mr. Hitchcock in this picture differs widely from that which has hitherto predominated in his work, and his later style will probably appeal to a wider class, the sentiment in this case being amply sustained by the subject and its treatment.

Mr. J. Sargent is represented by the single full-length figure of Countess Clary Aldringen (240), marked by the eagerness and vivacity which he aims at introducing into his portraits. In this case the lady seems to have just risen from the couch on which she had been seated, and is about to greet a visitor. In many respects it is a successful work, but it can scarcely be regarded as an important one, except as a delightful scheme of colour in various tones of white and grey, and as absolutely effacing Mr. W. Llewellyn's stiff and conventional rendering of Mrs. Cosmo Bevan (237), of which it is made the pendant. As a rule, the portraits in the present exhibition are of no great distinction or interest, the best being Mr. J. J. Shannon's Lady Mappin (18), Miss Gertrude Lewis (166) by Mr. W. B. Richmond, the Hon. Mrs. George Kenyon (158) by Mr. C. E. Hallé, Miss Russell (220) by Mr. S. II. Purser, Miss Forbes-Robertson (256) by Mr. H. Glazebrook, and the vigorous works of Mr. G. Spencer Watson—Master H. Bush (22) and Mr. N. J. Lyon (144)—in both of which there is promise of future distinction. Two novelists, Mr. Thomas Hardy (99) and Mr. J. M. Barrie (244), have also sat for their portraits, but have failed to show more than their features to their respective painters.

Among the pure landscapists Mr. Alfred Parsons' "On Cotswoold" (108) claims almost, if not quite, the first place, dealing as it does with a splendid opportunity of rich sunlight after rain. Mr. Thorne Waite's "Bit of Old England" (215), although moulded upon Constable, is a very remarkable achievement for one whose name has hitherto been exclusively associated with water-colour painting and on a very different scale from this work. Mr. Edward Fahey's "Monksdale" (13), Professor Costa's "Risveglio" (28), with the early morning sun just catching the tops of the Carrara Mountains; Mr. William Padgett's "Across the Dunes" (47) and "Evening Red" (53); both sad in feeling but poetic in treatment; Mr. Edward Stott's "Golden Moon" (135), somewhat similarly inspired; and Mr. Alfred East's "Haunt of Ancient Peace" (198) are amongst the most noteworthy. These are also well seconded by such workers in the same line as Mr. M. R. Corbet, Mr. Arthur Ryle, and Mr. Adrian Stokes, all of whom are creditably represented.

Of those who combine figures with landscape, alternately giving prominence to one or to the other, Mr. H. H. La Thangue's "Gathering Watercress" (234), Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's "Arcadian Shepherd" (26), and Mr. George Wetherbee's "The Shepherd's Pool" (175) are the most attractive, but, with the exception of the first-named, show no special advance upon the artist's previous work. Mr. Napier Hemy has, however, rarely reached so near success as in "The Squall" (116), in which the dirty sky and tumbling sea contrast well with the peaceful but muddy estuary, "Where the River flows into the Sea" (104).

No exhibition at the New Gallery would be complete without the "Symbolists," among whom M. Fernand Khnopff holds quite the first place. His picture "Des Caresses" (38) is not strikingly successful even from the most prosaic point of view, but it will attract notice because of its subject. Possibly the painter is laughing in his sleeve, and there is no solution to his enigma. Mr. Herbert Olivier's "Garden of Dances" (238) is more confused still, in both subject and treatment; while Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's version of "The Game of Life and Death" (115) seems to have overstepped the line which separates the sublime (as rhymed by Coleridge) from the ridiculous. On the other hand, Miss Mary Gow's two little groups, "The Sampler" (85) and "A. Interlude" (89), will appeal to everyone with an eye for delicate colour and a feeling for simple sentiment. Miss Flora Reid's "Evening of Life" (159), Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Venice" (168), Mr. David Carr's "Caught" (193), and Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Ophelia" (257), also deserve notice as good specimens of the various styles in which their artists have made themselves known.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: DJEBEL TARA, ON THE NILE, A FEW MILES NORTH OF KOROSKO.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

Whatever may be thought of the Australian cricketers at the end of their tour, they at least earned golden opinions in their opening matches. The eleven with whom they played a drawn game at Sheffield Park was not far from the full strength of England, and this, be it remembered, when our distinguished visitors had hardly found their land-legs. The presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the match against Lord Sheffield's eleven gave the necessary *éclat* to the first match of the tour. It was admitted even before the arrival of the Australians in this country that they were in all probability a strong batting combination, but there were whispered doubts about their bowling. As far as one can see the bowling is of a good class, with plenty of variety and a large number of changes. In the Sheffield Park and Crystal Palace matches especially, Mr. E. Jones, the fast bowler, met with great success. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any English bowler is likely to perform better than Mr. Jones did at the Palace, when he captured eight good wickets in the first innings for 39 runs. This is quite equal to anything that even Richardson, the prince of fast bowlers, is likely to accomplish on a wicket that favoured the batsman rather than the bowler. As for the others, Mr. Hugh Trumble has shown better form with the ball than on his previous visits to England.

A. E. Johns. H. Graham.

Mr. George Giffen is sending them down as cleverly as ever; Mr. G. H. S. Trott is still capable of taking a wicket at a pinch; Mr. C. J. Eady has shown he can make the ball talk; while Mr. T. R. McKibbin in the earlier match did not once get a pitch to suit his tricky deliveries. His harvest will probably come with the sticky wickets. As for batting, there are none of them to be despised. Mr. Trott, the captain, is getting more runs in better style than he ever did before. The same remark applies to Mr. S. E. Gregory, even if he was rather unfortunate in one or two matches. The great George Giffen has not lost any of his cunning in timing or placing since he was last here. Among the men new to this country, perhaps

Messrs. F. A. Iredale, J. Darling, H. Donnan, and Clement Hill are the best batsmen. Mr. Iredale is a stylish run-getter, a free hitter, and especially hard on the off side. Mr. Donnan is a more careful batsman, and inclined at times to be slow; but he can hit hard and score freely on occasion, as he showed at the Crystal Palace. He has a sound defence, but it is a mistake to call him a "stonewaller." Messrs. Donnan and Hill are both left-handed batsmen, with a somewhat similar style. Of the two, Mr. Darling is the harder hitter; but Mr. Hill, who is the youngest member of the team, is quite as reliable. Unfortunately, Mr. Harry Graham, one of the most graceful of batsmen, was indisposed during the first few matches

of the tour. In Messrs. J. J. Kelly and A. E. Johns the Australians have a couple of good wicket-keepers, neither of whom, however, is a Blackham, or anything near it. In the earlier matches the Colonials were not so good in the field as we had been led to expect; but taking them all in all, they have the promise and potency of one of the best sides ever sent to this country.

C. J. Eady. H. Trumble. E. Jones. H. Donnan.

F. Lemon (Scorer). H. Musgrave (Manager).

F. A. Iredale.
C. Hill.

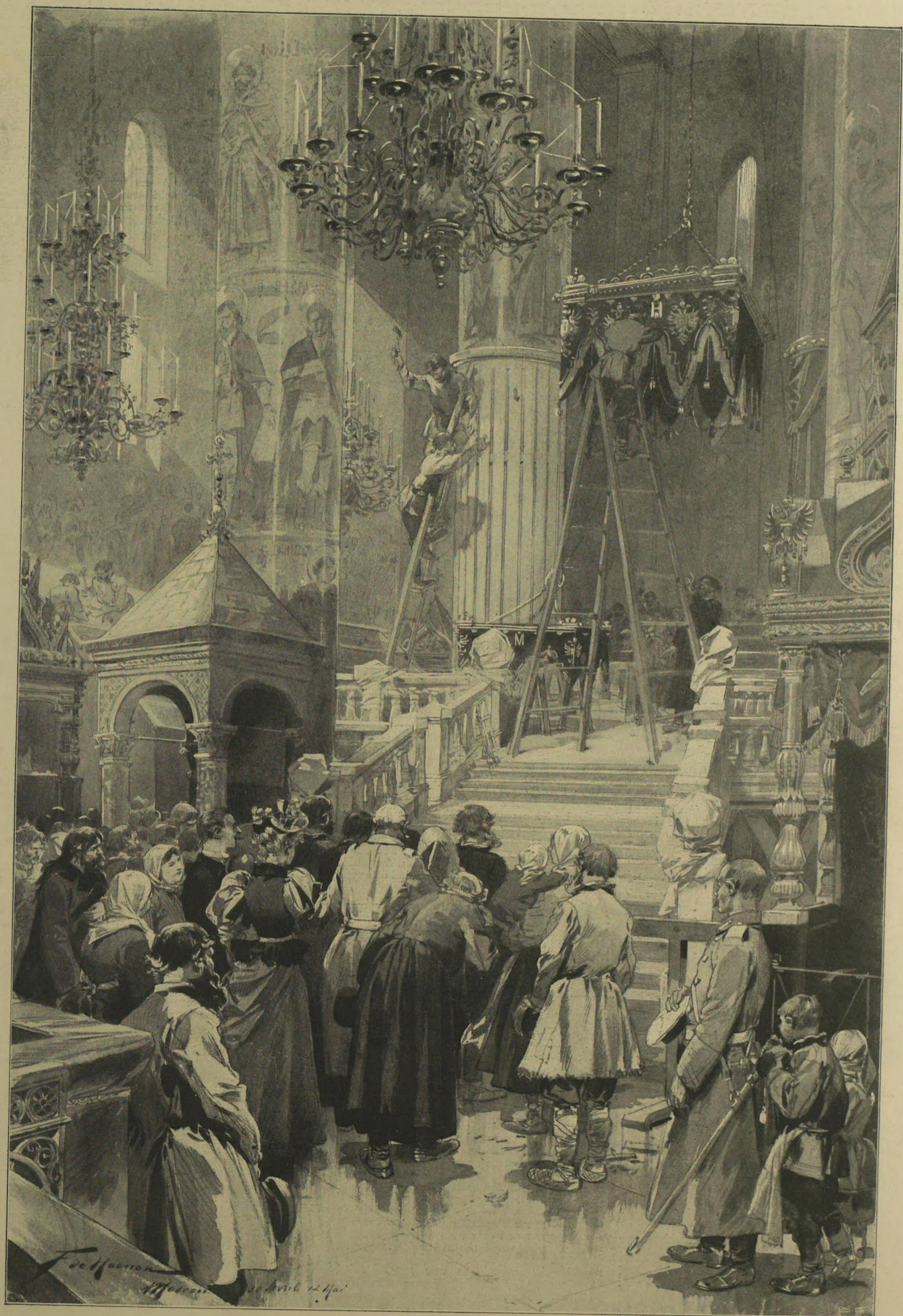
T. R. McKibbin.

G. H. S. Trott (Capt.). G. Giffen.
S. E. Gregory.J. Darling.
J. J. Kelly.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM.

Photo by Symmons and Co., Chancery Lane.

At the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund on Saturday at the Hôtel Métropole, Lord Glenesk (Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*), in the chair, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, among the guests, in a company including many eminent journalists, spoke wisely of the usefulness of the literary profession.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: THE PUBLIC INSPECTING THE PREPARATIONS IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

PERSONAL.

Mercy is to be dispensed freely in honour of the Czar's coronation. Amnesty will spread its wings over the wastes of Siberia. Even the prisoners condemned for life are to receive some mitigation of that penalty. Others will be permitted to settle in European Russia, St. Petersburg and Moscow excepted. Certain privileges will be granted to distressed Jews. These boons are gracious, as even the "Friends of Russian Freedom" may admit. Nicholas II. is giving proofs of a humane disposition. They may not alter the spirit of the Russian autocracy, but they indicate a temper which is superior to the system. The Russian autocrat in our time has been remarkable for personal gentleness—witness the first and second Nicholas and the second and third Alexander.

There is no such humanity on the Bosphorus. This week we have details of the most frightful of all the massacres in the Sultan's dominions. The slaughter at Urfa, in Mesopotamia, was carried out with a deliberate atrocity which shows that it was carefully organised in accordance with instructions from Constantinople. All the facts are known to the Ambassador, whose complaints are met by the Sultan with a blank denial of any massacres whatever. Europe can do nothing to humanise either the conditions of government in Turkey or the character of the supreme ruler. Apparently the Eastern Question will reach a definite solution only through the ultimate bankruptcy of the Commander of the Faithful.

Prince Henri of Orleans has had a great personal success in London. His lecture before the Royal Geographical Society was a decided hit. It was delivered in excellent English—a knowledge of our tongue being not the least of the accomplishments of the Prince's family. Prince Henri has used some rather strong language about English policy all over the world; but he must be convinced now that we do not bear malice, and that, however perfidious the English may be, they are always cordially glad to see the foreigner who is a man of spirit and of talent.

His brother, the Duke of Orleans, by the way, has issued a remarkable manifesto. He declares that the duty of French Royalists is to take advantage of Republican institutions. There is universal suffrage, for instance. Instead of holding themselves aloof from elections, the supporters of the monarchy should vote for the Duke. He ought to be regarded as a candidate in every contest, and votes ought to be cast for him by all who wish to see the throne restored. By this means the Royalist cause will be kept constantly before the country. The Duke applauds Prince Henri of Orleans for having accepted the Legion of Honour from the Republic, and remarks, sensibly enough, that the duty of a citizen is to take any reward that is due to him, even from the Government to which he happens to be opposed. All this is very reasonable, but it ought to make the Comte de Chambord turn in his grave.

The Newlyn school of painters does not seem to have enlightened the Newlyn fishermen. Does anything happen to Mr. Stanhope Forbes when he goes out painting on Sunday? Do the Newlyn fisherfolk threaten him with violence for this outrage on their local Sabbath? At all events, they object to Lowestoft fishermen catching Cornish fish on Sunday, and they have destroyed a great quantity of mackerel taken on that day. The maxim of the Newlyn Sabbatarians is that nobody ought to eat fresh fish on Monday. It is a quaint prejudice, but when it is enforced with sticks and stones, it ought to be repressed by the law.

A remarkable man has passed away in the person of the late Rev. Arthur O'Neill, one of the last of the imprisoned Chartist. The son of a proscribed Irish patriot by his marriage with a lady who boasted herself a descendant of John Rogers the martyr, Mr. O'Neill at an early period of his life became interested in the Chartist movement to which his ardent zeal subsequently lent strong support. He took part in

Photo Flannan.

THE LATE REV. ARTHUR O'NEILL,
Chartist.

the meeting at which the People's Charter was formulated, and was a prominent figure throughout the disturbances which followed. He was eventually imprisoned, and was forthwith canonised as a martyr by the Chartists. After spending some twelve months in durance vile, he joined the Baptist community in Birmingham, and spent an active life there until some ten years ago, winning much esteem by his labours for the abolition of slavery and other good causes.

The Russian Government is scattering circulars over the vast expanse of Northern Russia, giving minute particulars of M. Andrée's balloon, in which the intrepid explorer, with two companions, will essay to reach the North Pole. The subjects of the Czar are instructed how to render assistance to the voyagers should this be needed. These precautions are of most serious importance, for without them M. Andrée would run serious risk of being regarded by the peasantry as an evil spirit.

Between the very strange and slumberous hours of 5 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday afternoon, May 19, the Bach Choir gave one of its season's concerts, the programme of which consisted of Astorga's "Stabat Mater,"

Bach's Concerto in D minor for pianoforte (clavichord) and Orchestra, and Dr. Hubert Parry's musical version of "The Lotos-Eaters." It was a solid and satisfying concert. The "Stabat Mater," a solemn and serious work, written according to the best rules and regulations of counterpoint, was performed according to its precise spirit; the Concerto was really well played; and Miss Agnes Nichols sang with sweetness in Dr. Parry's somewhat monotonous composition. It was exactly the kind of concert in which England—being, of course, a musical nation—takes especial pride and delight.

Ill fortune dogs the House of Hapsburg. The Emperor Francis Joseph lost his son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, by a ghastly tragedy, and he has now lost his brother, who was at one time heir-presumptive, the Archduke Charles Louis, at the age of sixty-three. The Archduke resigned his claim to the succession in favour of his son, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who is consumptive, and a bachelor. The late

Prince led a most uneventful life. He entered the Austrian army, but attained no distinction. He was married three times—first to a daughter of King John of Saxony, secondly to Princess Maria Annunciata, daughter of King Ferdinand II. of Naples, and thirdly to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of Dom Miguel of Braganza. In earlier life he was successively Governor of Galicia and of the Tyrol, but for many years before his death he had spent a quiet life as a country gentleman and a patron of the arts. The succession, failing the Archduke Francis, passes to his brother, the Archduke Otto, who was born in 1865.

Among the distinguished gentlemen selected for personal honours upon the pleasant occasion of our good Queen's seventy-seventh birthday are several members of Parliament and public official servants whose merits have long been known.

The first of the new Peers is one, the Marquis of Granby, eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, who in the course of nature will probably hereafter come to sit in the highest rank of the Peerage. As Mr. Henry Manners, he was for many years private secretary to Lord Salisbury, and was formerly M.P. for East Leicestershire. He is forty-four years of age. The estimable character of both his parents, for the Duchess of Rutland has taken a leading part in many benevolent public movements of social reform, charity, and popular education, adds to the general approval of this mark of royal favour conferred upon him.

The second new Peer, who is the Right Hon. Edward Heneage, being an old member of the House of Commons, deprived of his seat for Grimsby at the last General Election, has strong claims as a good staunch party man on the Conservatives and Unionists who are now enjoying their political innings in this country; and the other new Peer, Colonel Malcolm, of Poltalloch, Argyllshire, has a lordly figure, is a zealous Volunteer and an excellent rifleman.

The selections for baronetcies mostly appear to be founded upon substantial local claims to social respect; and there are good public servants among the new Knights. Learning is recognised in the persons of Professor Max Müller, who becomes a "Right Honourable," and of Mr. Clement Markham, the eminent historian of geographical discovery, and of Mr. Le Page Renouf, the Egyptologist of the British Museum.

The Lord Chief Justice is said to have intimated to the Home Secretary that, in his opinion, Mrs. Maybrick ought never to have been convicted at all. Lord Russell was Mrs. Maybrick's advocate, and his alleged opinion raises the interesting question whether an advocate's belief in his client who happened to be convicted should count against the conviction when he becomes Lord Chief Justice. Only the finest professional discrimination can cope with this problem. The mere layman cannot presume to have any view either way.

London has a new and most luxurious restaurant which has been opened in the renovated Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, and promises to bear comparison with the best establishments of the kind that the Continent can boast. The interior of the building has been remodelled and most tastefully decorated by Messrs. Waring, under the supervision of Messrs. Wimperis and Arber, and the result is a set of fine rooms which charm the eye at every turn. The drawing-room and grand salon are particularly spacious and comfortable, and the visitors' ears are charmed by the strains of an orchestra which occupies a handsome musicians' gallery. The new *restaurant de luxe* has already found distinguished patronage since its opening last week, and seems likely to become a very favourite resort.

On Wednesday, May 13, "La Favorita" was produced at Covent Garden, with Madame Mantelli in the part of Leonora and Signor Cremonini in that of Fernando. It can scarcely be said that either of these new singers—not exactly new in England, but new to Covent Garden grand season—created any special excitement; nor was the opera altogether of this generation's ideal, although Signor

Ancona sang with distinction as Alfonso, and M. Plançon's Baldassane was rich and full. Signor Bevignani knew just what he had to do, and did it. On the Thursday the same conductor directed a gay and sweet performance of Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis," in which Miss Marie Engle particularly distinguished herself as Baucis, and M. Bonnard was a highly successful Philémon. A newcomer, Miss Marguerite Reid, took the part of Nedda: she has a pretty voice, but she is scarcely equal to the strain of Covent Garden. Signor de Lucia's Canio was, as it has always been, singularly impressive; and Ancona's Ionio left very little to be desired.

On Friday, May 15, M. Jean de Reszke, who had been announced to play Faust, was compelled, owing to an unfortunate accident, to yield his place to M. Bonnard, who at a moment's notice took the part with considerable success. Madame Eames played Marguerite very beautifully, if at times she showed less signs of rusticity and maidenliness than we have been accustomed to associate with the part. M. Plançon was a remarkably fine Mephistopheles, M. Albers was an adequate Valentine, and Signor Mancinelli conducted with splendid skill. On the Saturday the same conductor presided over a performance of "Lohengrin," in which Signor Cremonini took the title-part. He was scarcely robust enough for his task, especially in the presence of so strong an Elsa as Madame Albani, who literally overwhelmed the unfortunate youth. M. Plançon was excellent as the King, and Signor Ancona as Telramund and Madame Mantelli as Ortrud were adequate enough. The orchestra was in noble form. On Monday, May 18, a performance of "Rigoletto" was given to a house quite inclined to enthusiasm. Albani took the part of Gilda, and Ancona that of Rigoletto; Signor de Lucia was the Duke; and the orchestra, under Bevignani, played well; but on the whole, the performance was not quite up to an ideal standard.

The sad death of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Herbert Mason at Simla, on May 9, of typhoid fever, has cut short a career which was already remarkable for the distinguished record of its thirty-nine years. Lieutenant-Colonel Mason entered the Army in 1874, and served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, on the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and in the subsequent operations on the Upper

Nile, winning the medal and the Khedive's star; on the Hazara Expedition, some two years later in date, he was Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General for Intelligence, and held the same post with the Zibh forces under Sir George White; on the Miranzai Expedition of 1891; on the Isazai Expedition; with the Waziristan Delimitation Escort in 1894; and since then with the Waziristan Field Force. Throughout the period covered by these appointments he was frequently mentioned in dispatches, and last year he was raised to the order of C.B. in recognition of his services on the Frontier, from which he had but lately returned at the time of his death.

ECCLESIASTICAL REPRESENTATIVES AT THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

Although the presence of the Bishop of Peterborough at the coronation of the Czar as the special legate of the See of Canterbury and representative of the Church of England is an appropriate tribute from one great Church to another, it is hardly to be regarded as a sign of any serious project of union between the Anglican and Greek communions, much as some sanguine supporters of such a scheme may desire so to construe its meaning. The representation of the Churches of England and of Rome at so august a ceremony is, however, eminently fitting, and the compliment which it conveys is much appreciated in the Russian ecclesiastical world. The Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of Peterborough, represents the Church of England at this historical ceremony with peculiar fitness, inasmuch as he is not only a leading ecclesiastic, but an historical writer of considerable authority and distinction, and a scholar whom the chief Universities of this country and of America have long delighted to honour. He was consecrated Bishop of Peterborough in 1891.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Agliardi, Domestic Prelate to Pope Leo XIII., who is in charge of the mission which represents the Holy See at the coronation of the Czar, is a diplomatist who is identified very closely with the counsels and the polity of the Vatican. He has not exactly made any great public diplomatic sensation, probably because he has not had any prominent opportunity such as fell to the fortunate lot of the late Cardinal Persico when he was appointed to investigate the Irish troubles of 1887. But to those who, belonging to the Roman Church, find it necessary to deal diplomatically with Rome, the value of Monsignor Agliardi's favour is well known and eagerly desired. He has the reputation of being a most astute and just judge of all the various internal ecclesiastical causes that come to him for annotation and advice. His career has been so far a brilliant one, and it cannot be doubted that he will before long attain the ultimate ambition of all Roman diplomatists, the red hat.



Photo Auger, Vienna.
THE LATE ARCHDUKE CHARLES LOUIS.



Photo Fry, Osnlow Gardens.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. H. MASON.



Photo Flannan.
THE LATE REV. ARTHUR O'NEILL,
Chartist.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle has been accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. On Friday, May 15, the Queen held a private investiture ceremonial, assisted by the Duchess of Albany, with the officers of the Royal Household, to confer orders of knighthood upon several gentlemen—namely, on Lord Wenlock that of a Knight Commander of the Star of India; Sir Alfred Lyall, Order of the Indian Empire; Brigadier-General Sir Bindon Blood and Major-General Sir Francis Scott, to be Knights of the Bath; and Sir W. E. Maxwell, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Knight of St. Michael and St. George; the decoration for distinguished services was bestowed upon Major W. G. Hamilton, Captain G. S. G. Scaife, and Lieutenant F. W. Kerr. The Queen has been visited by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, General Sir Redvers Buller, and the Dean of Windsor.

The Queen, upon the occasion of her birthday, has created three new Peers and five Baronets, and has conferred Knighthood, or granted promotion to higher rank in the Orders of Knighthood, in favour of many gentlemen, whose names were published on Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales at Marlborough House on Saturday, accompanied by his sister, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, received the Earl of Kintore and other members of a committee, with Lady Hallé (formerly Madame Norman-Néruda), to whom an address was presented on the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance as a musical performer and the twenty-fifth of her arrival in England. His Royal Highness on Friday went to Cambridge to inspect the University Volunteers, of whom he is Honorary Colonel. He met the Princess of Wales and his daughters on Saturday evening in London, on their arrival home from the Continent.

The Princess of Wales on Monday held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on behalf of the Queen. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Croydon Town Hall, Courts, and Public Library; they were accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, and Prince Charles of Denmark.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived in London on Thursday evening, May 14, from Paris, after their visit to Copenhagen for the royal wedding there.

The elections of one-third of the members of the London vestries and parish councils on Saturday did not cause much local excitement. The result, where a contest took place, was mostly in favour of the "Moderates" or Conservatives, against the "Progressives" or Radicals; but not so in Battersea, where the Progressives, in three wards, secured thirty-two vacant seats; and in Poplar also they prevailed in the West India Dock, Blackwall, and Cubitt Town wards; there was a large Progressive majority in Shoreditch. On the whole, it appears that the state of parties in London is not much altered.

Politics have been quiescent out of Parliament; but Sir William Harcourt, in Monmouthshire, at Tredegar, on May 13, and next day at Newport, assailed the Ministry upon the Education Bill and the Agricultural Rating Bill. Mr. Chamberlain, unveiling a memorial window in the hall of the Cordwainers' Company on the 13th, spoke well of the City of London Companies, and hopefully of his own work at the Colonial Office. Lord Rosebery spoke on Friday at Newton Abbot, Devonshire. The Earl of Dudley, on the same day, in London, addressed the Ladies' Primrose League.

The London School Board, at the instance of Mr. Diggle, has resolved to ask Government and Parliament to exempt London from the provisions of the new Education Bill.

Olympia has reopened with large additions to its entertainments, six acres of new gardens, a new bandstand, an open-air theatre and café chantant, a palm-house for concerts or stage plays, a balloon shaped like a huge fish, with a car to ascend, bicycle races, and variety performances in the Grand Arena.

The building trades in London, which this summer had the fairest prospect of a good run of profitable industry, are stopped by the unhappy conflict between the Master Builders' Association and the allied associations of working men, "Operative Plasterers," Masons, Carpenters and Joiners, and others, numbering an aggregate of sixty

thousand, who demand an increase of wages, from nine-pence halfpenny to tenpence an hour, and certain alterations of rules, with a view to enable the members of those unions to prevent the employment of non-unionist working men. The construction of many Board schools and other public buildings nearly finished will be much delayed by this strike.

At Newlyn, a Cornish fishing village adjacent to Penzance, on Monday and Tuesday, serious riots broke out, with conflicts between the local fishermen of Mount's Bay and those coming from the ports of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Grimsby. The police had to be assisted by soldiers of the Berkshire Regiment, from Plymouth garrison, and by a naval brigade sent with two or three gun-boats.

The Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, has left Capetown on his voyage to England. His political agent at Pretoria, Sir Jacobus de Wet, having retired from office, the post is entrusted temporarily to Advocate Cloete.

President Kruger's Government, in which Dr. Leyds, the Secretary of State, manages part of the diplomatic business, has published a further collection of telegrams that passed secretly in December last between the leaders of the Johannesburg "Reform Committee" of Uitlanders and certain company directors or officials in the Cape Colony and the Chartered Company's territory, especially Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Rutherford Harris, Mr. Alfred Beit, and Dr. Jameson, with some of the Rand Goldfields' managing men, in anticipation of an intended forcible overthrow of the Transvaal Republic, to be assisted by Dr. Jameson's raid.

The President and Executive Council have commuted the formal sentence of capital punishment in the case of

life. He was under a sentence of two years' imprisonment and fine of £2000.

The Matabili insurrection in the Chartered Company's territories is not yet subdued, but has been so far checked, baffled, and repulsed, hitherto entirely by the valiant six hundred European defenders of Buluwayo, that we may now consider that town quite out of danger, and the main roads to it, both from the south and from the north-east, will soon be made perfectly safe. A brisk skirmish took place on Saturday near Buluwayo. Sir Richard Martin has arrived there, to take the military command by the authority of the British Government, and will have the aid of Colonel Plumer's force of Colonial troops from Capetown and Natal, which should allow the small band of volunteers at Buluwayo to take the rest they have so well earned. Earl Grey is directing the civil administration. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on his way from Fort Salisbury, has crossed the Shangani river. His escort, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beale, on May 9, near Gwelo, had a brief skirmish with a body of the Matabili, who dispersed in a quarter of an hour, with no loss on the British side. The House of Assembly at Capetown has been warmly discussing proposed addresses to the Crown, demanding either that the charter of the British South Africa Company shall be revoked or altered, or that Mr. Cecil Rhodes, so lately Prime Minister of Cape Colony, shall be removed from the directorship of that Company. The debate was still proceeding on Monday.

The President of the French Republic, M. Faure, went on Saturday to the frontier town of Pagny, on the Moselle, to pay his respects to the Empress-Dowager of Russia, on her journey from the Riviera homeward, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michael and the Grand Duchess Olga.

The interview, which was one of friendly personal courtesy, took place at the railway station, while the special train conveying her Imperial Majesty was changing engines, after which it crossed the German frontier and went on to Metz, en route for Warsaw and Moscow.

The American United States Congress is waiting for the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate to examine and report upon the state of their relations with Spain, and the situation of the rebels in Cuba. The Spanish Government intends to send further military reinforcements to General Weyler, if he continues to hold command, to the amount of sixty thousand men.

Canvassing and discussing plans of party action for the Presidential election towards the end of this year, when Mr. Grover Cleveland will be opposed by Mr. McKinley, the Re-

publican candidate, on a Protectionist tariff and silver currency "platform," keeps up the political excitement, and stops the Stock Exchange dealings in Wall Street, New York.

A tremendous cyclone or hurricane on May 15 destroyed a large part of the town of Sherman, in Texas, killing, it is said, over a hundred people, mostly negroes, and injuring as many more.

The Anglo-Egyptian military advance up the Nile has been completed to Akasheh, where it rests for the present; while in the Eastern Soudan the forts of Souakin and Tokar are awaiting the troops from India, and Osman Digna, it is said, is withdrawing his forces there, and is falling back on Omdurman, adjacent to Khartoum. There is a rumour of the death of the Khalifa, the successor to the Mahdi, and of a probable collapse of the Dervish movement.

Italian prisoners of war in Tigré, the northern province of the Abyssinian Empire, to the number of ninety-one, have been released by Ras Mangascia and the other provincial military commanders, but there are some fifty still detained at Lasta, and in the southern kingdom of the Negus Menelek, it is believed, nearly two thousand captive soldiers, mostly not of European race but of the auxiliary native troops, await their liberation at the conclusion of peace. Adigerat, and every other place lately held by Italian garrisons, have been evacuated, and hostilities may now be considered at an end, while General Baldissara has enough to do with the reorganisation of his forces in "Erythrea," from Massowah to Kassala, though he is not likely to be further troubled just now with Mahdist attacks, since Osman Digna has retreated westward beyond the river Akbara. General Baratieri, the late Italian commander-in-chief, will be tried by court-martial at Adiace for his extraordinary blunder and rashness in the recent campaign.



Photo Löwy, Vienna.
MONSIGNOR AGLIARDI,
PAPAL NUNCIO IN VIENNA,
REPRESENTING THE HOLY SEE AT THE CORONATION OF THE Czar.

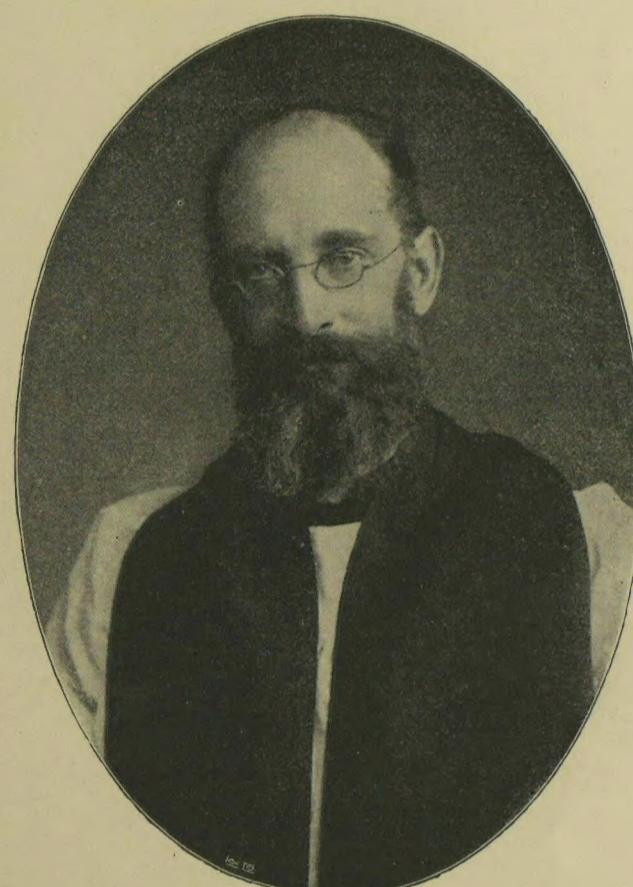


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH,
REPRESENTING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AT THE CORONATION OF THE Czar.
See Preceding Page.



THE MAYOR OF CROYDON (MR. F. T. EDRIDGE).

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CROYDON: OPENING THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, MAY 19.—SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT CROYDON.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

XII.

ON BOARD THE "DUNKERY BEACON."

When Edward Shirley stepped on board the big steamer which he had so earnestly and anxiously followed from Kingston, and was received by her captain, it did not take him long to form the opinion that Captain Hagar belonged to a disagreeable class of mariners. He was gruff, curt, and wanted to know in the shortest space of time why in the name of his Satanic Majesty he had been asked to lay to, and what message that yacht had for him.

Shirley asked for a private interview, and when they were in the captain's room he put the whole matter into a few words as possible, showed the cablegram from Blackburn, and also exhibited his message from Captain Horn. The other scrutinised the papers very carefully, asked many questions, but made few remarks in regard to his own opinion or intentions.

When he had heard all that Shirley had to tell him, and had listened to some very earnest advice that he should immediately turn back to Kingston, or at least run into Georgetown, where he might safely lie in harbour until measures had been taken for the safe conveyance of the treasure to Peru, the captain of the *Dunkery Beacon* arose, and, asking Shirley to remain where he was until he should go and consult with his first mate, he went out, closing the door of the room behind him.

During this absence he did not see the first mate, but he went to a room where there was pen, ink, and paper, and there he wrote a note to Captain Burke of the *Summer Shelter*, which note, as soon as he had signed it, he gave to the men in the small boat waiting alongside, telling them that it was from their mate who had come on board, and that he wanted an answer just as soon as possible.

Mr. Burdette, Mr. Portman, and the assistant engineer, having no reason whatever to suspect treachery under circumstances like these, immediately rowed back to the *Summer Shelter*. And, as we already know, it was not long before the *Dunkery Beacon* was steaming away from the yacht.

The moment that Shirley, who was getting a little tired of waiting, felt the movement of the engines, he sprang to the door, but found it locked. Now he began to kick; but in a very few moments the captain appeared.

"You needn't make a row," said he. "Nobody's going to hurt you. I have sent a note to your skipper, telling him I'm going to keep you on board a little while until I can consider this matter. My duty to my owners wouldn't allow me to be a-layin' to here; but I'll think over the business and do what I consider right. But I've got to keep on my course; I've got no right to lose time whether this is all a piece of foolin' or not."

"There's no fooling about it," said Shirley warmly. "If you don't turn back you will be very likely to lose a good deal more than time. You may lose everything on board, and your lives, too, for all you know."

The captain laughed. "Pirates!" said he; "what stuff! There are no pirates in these days," and then he laughed again. "Well, I can't talk any more now," said he, "but I'll keep your business in my mind, and settle it pretty soon. Then you can go back and tell your people what I'll do. You had better go on deck and make yourself comfortable. If you'll take my advice, you won't do any talking. The people on this vessel don't know what she carries, nor I don't want them to know. So if I see you talking to anybody, I'll consider that you want to make trouble; and I can tell you, if some of these people on board knew what was in them boxes in the hold, there would be the worst kind of trouble. You can bet your head on that. So you can go on and show yourself. Your friends won't be worried about you. I've explained it all to them in my note."

When Shirley went on deck he was very much pleased to see that the *Summer Shelter* was not far away, and was steaming close after the larger vessel. He waved his hat, and then he turned to look about him. There seemed

to be a good many men on the steamer, a very large crew in fact, and after noticing the number of sailors who were at work not far away from him, Shirley came to the conclusion that there were more reasons than one why he would not hold conversation with them.

From their speech he thought that they must all be foreigners—French or Italian—he could scarcely tell which. It did not seem to him that these belonged to the

class of seamen which a careful captain of a British merchantman would wish to ship when carrying a cargo of treasure to a distant land; but then all sorts of crews were picked up in English ports. Her captain, in fact, surprised Shirley more than did the seamen he had noticed. This captain must, of course, be an Englishman, for the house of Blackburn Brothers would not be likely to trust one of their vessels, and such an important one, to the



When Shirley went on deck he was very much pleased to see that the "Summer Shelter" was not far away, and was steaming close after the larger vessel.

charge of any one but an Englishman. But he had a somewhat foreign look about him. His eyes and hair were very black, and there was a certain peculiarity in his pronunciation that made Shirley think at first that he might be a Welshman.

While Shirley was considering these matters the *Summer Shelter* was rapidly gaining on the other steamer, and was now alongside and within hailing distance, and Burke was on the bridge with a trumpet in his hand. At this moment Shirley was accosted by the Captain, "I've got something to say to you," said he, "step in my room. Perhaps we can give your friend an answer at once."

Shirley followed the other, the door was shut, and the Captain of the *Dunkery Beacon* began to tell how extremely injudicious it would be, in his opinion, to turn back, for if pirates really were following him—although he did not believe a word of it—he might run right into their teeth, whereas, by keeping on his course, he would most likely sail away from them, and when he reached Rio Janeiro he could make arrangements there for some sort of a convoy, or whatever else was considered necessary.

"I'll go and hail my skipper," said Shirley, "if you'll let me have a speaking-trumpet."

"No," said the other; "I don't want you to do that. I don't mind tellin' you that I don't trust you. I've got very heavy responsibility on me, and I don't know who you are no more than if you was a porpoise come bouncin' up out of the sea. I don't want you and your skipper holdin' no communication with each other until I've got this matter settled to my satisfaction, and then I can put you on board your vessel, and go ahead on my course, or I can turn back, just whichever I make up my mind to do. But until I make up my mind I don't want no reports made from this vessel to any other; and no matter what you say when you are hailing, how do I know what you mean, and what sort of signals you've agreed on between you?"

Shirley was obliged to accept the situation, and when Burke had ceased to hail he was allowed to go on deck. There, after waving his hat to the yacht—which was now at a considerable distance, although within easy range of a glass—Shirley lighted his pipe and walked up and down the deck. He saw a good many things to interest him, but he spoke to no one, and endeavoured to assume the demeanour of one who was much interested in his own affairs and very little in what was going on about him.

But Shirley noticed a great many things which made a deep impression upon him. The crew seemed to be composed of men not very well disciplined, but exceedingly talkative; and although Shirley did not understand French, he was now pretty sure that all the conversation he heard was in that tongue. Then, again, the men did not appear to be very well acquainted with the vessel—they frequently seemed to be looking for things the position of which they should have known. He could not understand how men who had sailed on a vessel from Southampton should show such a spirit of inquiry in regard to the internal arrangement of the steamer. A boatswain who was giving orders to a number of men seemed more as if he were instructing a class in the nautical management of a vessel than in giving the ordinary everyday orders which might be expected on such a voyage as this. Once he saw the captain come on deck with a book in his hand—apparently a log-book—and he showed it to one of the mates. These two stood turning over the leaves of the book as if they had never seen it before, and wanted to find something which they supposed to be in it.

It was not long after this that Shirley said to himself that he could not understand how such a vessel with such a cargo could have been sent out from Southampton in charge of such a captain and such a crew as this. And then, almost immediately, the idea came to him in a flash that perhaps this was not the crew with which the *Dunkery Beacon* had sailed. Now he seemed to see the whole state of affairs as if it had been printed on paper. The *Dunkery Beacon* had been captured by one of the pirates, probably not long after she got outside the Carribbees, and instead of trying to take the treasure on board their own vessel, the scoundrels had rid the *Dunkery* of her captain and crew, and had taken possession of the steamer and everything in it. This would explain her course when she was first sighted from the yacht. She was not going at all to Rio Janeiro; she was on her way across the Atlantic.

Now everything that he had seen, and everything that he had heard, confirmed this new belief. Of course, the pirate captain did not wish to lay to when he was first hailed, and he probably did so at last simply because he found he need not be afraid of the yacht, and that he could not rid himself of her unless he stopped to see what she wanted. Of course, this fellow would not have him go back to the yacht and make a report. Of course, this crew did not understand how things were placed and stored on board the vessel, for they themselves had been on board of her but a very short time. The captain spoke English, but he was not an Englishman.

Shirley saw plainer and plainer every second that the *Dunkery Beacon* had been captured by pirates; that probably not a man of her former crew was on board, and that he was here a prisoner in the hands of these wretches—cut-throats for all he knew—and yet he did not reproach himself for having run into such a trap. He had done the proper thing in a proper, orderly, and seamanlike

way. He had had the most unexpected bad luck, but he did not in the least see any reason to blame himself.

He saw, however, a great deal of reason to fear for himself, especially as the evening drew on. That black-headed villain of a captain did not want him on board, and while he might not care to toss him into the sea in view of a vessel which was fast enough to follow him wherever he might go, there was no reason why he should not do what he pleased, if, under the cover of night, he got away from that vessel.

The fact that he was allowed to go where he pleased, and see what he pleased, gave much uneasiness to Shirley. It looked to him as if they did not care what he might say, hear, or see, for the reason that it was not intended that he should have an opportunity of making reports of any sort. Shirley had his supper to himself, and the Captain showed him a bunk. "They can't do much talkin' to you," said he. "I had to sail ahead of time, and couldn't ship many Englishmen." "You liar," thought Shirley, "you didn't ship any!"

Shirley was a brave man, but as he lay awake in his bunk that night cold shivers ran down his back many times. If violence were offered to him, of course he could not make any defence; but he resolved that if an attack should be made upon him, there was one thing he would try to do. He had carefully noted the location of the companionways, and he had taken off only such clothes as would interfere with swimming. If he were attacked he would make a bolt for the upper deck, and then overboard. If the yacht should be near enough to hear or see him he might have a chance. If not, he would prefer the ocean to the *Dunkery Beacon* and her crew.

But the night passed on, and he was not molested. He did not know, down there below decks, that all night the *Summer Shelter* kept so close to the *Dunkery Beacon* that the people in charge of the latter cursed and swore dreadfully at times when the yacht, looking bigger and blacker by night than she did by day, rose on the waves in their wake so near that it seemed as if a sudden squall might drive the two vessels together.

But there was really no reason for any such fear. Burke had vowed he would stick to Shirley, and he also stuck to the wheel all night, with Burdette or the sailing-master by his side. And there was not an hour when somebody, either a mariner or a clergyman, did not scan the deck of the *Dunkery Beacon* with a marine-glass.

Shirley was not allowed to go on deck until quite late the next morning, after Burke had given up his desperate attempt to communicate with the *Dunkery Beacon*; and when he did come up, and had assured himself at a glance that the *Summer Shelter* still hung upon the heels of the larger steamer, and had frantically waved his hat, the next thing he saw was the small Mediterranean steamer which was rapidly coming down from the north, while the *Dunkery Beacon* was steaming north-east. He also noticed that some men near him were running up a queer little flag or signal, coloured irregularly red and yellow, and then he saw upon the approaching steamer a bit of bunting which seemed to resemble the one now floating from the *Dunkery*. Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing for him to believe but that this approaching vessel was one of the pirate ships, and that she was coming down, not to capture the *Dunkery Beacon*, but to join her.

Now matters were getting to be worse and worse, and as Shirley glanced over at the yacht, still hovering on the weather quarter of the *Dunkery*, ready at any time to swoop down and hail her if there should be occasion, he trembled for the fate of his friends. To be sure, these two pirate vessels—for surely the *Dunkery Beacon* now belonged to that class—were nothing but merchantmen. There were no cannon on this steamer, and as the other was now near enough for him to see her decks as she rolled to windward, there was no reason to suppose that she carried guns. If these rascals wished to attack or capture a vessel, they must board her, but before they could do that, they must catch her, and he knew well enough that there were few ordinary steamers which could overhaul the *Summer Shelter*. If it were not for his own most unfortunate position, the yacht could steam away in safety and leave these wretches to their own devices; but he did not believe that his old friend would desert him. More than that, there was no reason to suppose that the people on the *Summer Shelter* knew that the *Dunkery Beacon* was now manned by pirates, although it was likely that they would suspect the character of the newcomer.

But Shirley could only stand, and watch and wait. Once he thought that it might be well for him to jump overboard and strike out for the yacht. If he should be seen by his friends—and this he believed would happen—and if he should be picked up, his report would turn back into safer waters this peaceful pleasure-vessel, with its two ladies and its seven clergymen. If he should be struck by a ball in the back of the head before he got out of gunshot of the *Dunkery's* crew, then his friends would most likely see him sink, the reason for their remaining in the vicinity of these pirates would be at an end, and they might steam northward as fast as they pleased.

The strange vessel came on and on, and soon showed herself to be a steamer of about nine hundred tons, of a model with which Shirley was not familiar, and a great many men on board. The *Dunkery Beacon* lay to, and it was not long before this stranger had followed her example, and

had lowered a boat. When three or four men from this boat had scrambled to the deck of the *Dunkery Beacon* they were gladly welcomed by the black-headed fellow who had passed himself off as Captain Hagar, and a most animated conversation now took place. Shirley could not understand anything that was said, and he had sense enough not to appear to be trying to do so; but no one paid any attention to him, nor seemed to care whether he knew what was going on or not.

At first the manner of the speakers indicated that they were wildly congratulating each other, but very soon it was evident that the *Summer Shelter* was the subject of their discourse. They all looked over at the yacht; some of them even shook their fists at her, and although Shirley did not understand their language, he knew very well that curses, loud and savage, were pouring over the bulwarks in the direction of his friends and their yacht.

Then the subject of their conference changed. The fellows began to gaze northward; a glass was turned in that direction; the exclamations became more violent than before, and when Shirley turned he saw for the first time the other vessel which was coming down from the north. This was now far away, but she was heading south, and it could not be long before she would arrive on the scene.

Now Shirley's heart sank about as far down as it would go. He had no doubt that this very vessel was another of the pirates. If she carried a gun, even if it were not a heavy one, he might as well bid good-bye to the *Summer Shelter*. The pirates would not allow her to go to any port to tell her tale.

The noisy conference now broke up. The boat, with its crew, returned to the other vessel, which almost immediately started, turned, and steamed away to the north, in the direction of the approaching steamer. This settled the matter. She was off to join her pirate consort. Now the *Dunkery Beacon* started her engines and steamed slowly in the direction of the yacht, as if she wished to hail her. Shirley's heart rose a little. If there was to be a parley, perhaps the pirates had decided to warn the yacht to stop meddling, and to take herself away; and if by any happy fortune it should be decided to send him to his friends, he would implore them with all his heart and soul to take the advice without the loss of a second.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Bardsley, who has accepted a residential canonry at Ripon, is to retain his position as Vicar of Bradford. He had first intended to resign, but the Bishop does not think it is necessary, and Canon Bardsley proposes to strengthen the staff of his church with the proceeds from his canonry, hoping that the whole parish will gain rather than lose. It was the universal desire in the town that he should remain.

Dean Paget preached at the dedication of the new church of the Society of St. John the Evangelist (the Cowley Fathers). He said that those religious communities might give a new rendering to the principle of obedience, might exhibit to the world the reality of an unearthly joy, and might give that guidance in the ways of prayer which many of them had learned to seek too readily and submissively from writers whose character, traditions, temperament, convictions, were not really theirs.

Canon Hawkins, one of the residential canons of Llandaff, has reached the patriarchal age of ninety-seven. He is unable to preach this year.

The voluntary contributions of the Church in Wales for church work exceed the clerical income from endowments by £95,168, and make a total of over £281,000.

The Bishop of Worcester is exerting himself on behalf of church extension in Birmingham. He says that there is church accommodation there for only one in twelve of the population, and in Aston one in every twenty-four.

The Church Army reports an income for the year of £71,000—an increase of £17,000 over the receipts of the preceding year.

A female infant having been by some mistake christened as a boy, it is asked whether the child can be rechristened.

Some perplexity has been felt by Nonconformists at Mr. Birrell's announcement in the House of Commons that he was baptized in the Presbyterian form. As Mr. Birrell's father was a Baptist minister in Liverpool, this seems difficult to understand.

The London Missionary Society reports a gross total of receipts for this year of £190,960. These contributions are drawn largely, though not entirely, from Congregational churches.

The meetings of the Congregational Union this year have been marked by extraordinary enthusiasm, and have been very largely attended. The address of the Chairman (the Rev. Morlais Jones) was notably eloquent. Mr. Jones is a nephew of the famous preacher, the Rev. Thomas Jones, whose ministry was attended by Robert Browning. His cousin is Mr. Brynmor Jones, Q.C., M.P. The new Chairman of the Union is the Rev. Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, who is well known both as a preacher and as a platform orator.

Thirteen thousand three hundred women have passed through the Rescue Homes of the Salvation Army in the last twelve years.

The Turkish officials lately confiscated a copy of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities" because it did not contain the words "Mohammed" or "Islam," and was therefore a bad book. They also confiscated a work on chemistry because "H.O." appeared at the head of one of the pages. When asked what was wrong with "H.O." they explained that they understood the letters to signify "Abdul Hamid is nothing."

THE GREAT DROUGHT.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

Of all our mental faculties memory is the one that worries us most. When I say *us*, I mean ordinary, average human beings; for one must leave out of account such super-human creatures as are reported to be able to read the *Times* newspaper once through and then repeat it faultlessly from beginning to end. But for the most of us our memory is a kind of thorn in the flesh, and a source of vexations and irritations from day to day. I have heard people say that Memory is a good servant—if she be a servant at all she is a shocking bad servant; a servant who can never be relied upon; a servant that never hands you *your things* without dropping and breaking some of them; a servant that is continually taking French leave and stopping away when she is specially wanted. Worst of all, she is a servant that tells dreadful lies! And yet we cannot do without her.

A day or two ago I had occasion to talk with a neighbour about the great drought which made itself felt with exceeding severity in this neighbourhood before I knew that there was any Arcady hereabouts—now nearly thirty years ago. I had written down certain gleanings from the gossip that concerned that time—memoranda of old wives' tales, if you like to speak disrespectfully of my reminiscences—and I was distressed to find that I had somehow lost the little collection. Then said I to myself, I will set down what I can still remember. It may be that the mere telling of some of the incidents that I can vouch for may help to coax back into my consciousness other things which that jade Memory, in her present sulky mood, refuses to reveal.

We in Norfolk are intensely local in our ways of looking at the universe, and until quite recently I had got it into my head that the great drought of the year 1868 was felt in East Anglia only. Now I find that we by no means suffered alone. I learn from the diary of the late Mr. Poole, of Shrewsbury, that on "Wednesday, 8th July [1868], the river Severn was on this day lower than it was in 1826, when it reached a point lower than it had been within the memory of the oldest inhabitants." Three weeks later again (July 27) I read, "The river lower than it has been in this century." How much this was due to the absence of rain I cannot say, but there are other entries in this gentleman's diary which certainly prove that the drought was severely felt yonder in the west, and there must have been a very, very dry spring to account for the fact which he sets down—namely, that on Sept. 2 hay was selling in Shrewsbury and the neighbourhood at seven pounds ten a ton.

However, I am concerned with Norfolk just now. Other districts may take care of themselves. I speak as honest men and women have told me; and you must please to understand that in this part of the world honest men and women are by no means rare. Except, of course, at election time, they are to be depended on for speaking

the truth, especially when they have nothing to gain by distortion of facts. Obviously, you must draw the line somewhere! From all that I can learn, the rainfall over the whole of Norfolk, from the second week in April till the middle of August in this year 1868, was practically nil. There was a heavy downpour about April 14, as my informants assure me. That made the hay crop, which they tell me was a grand one.

How about the corn crop? There is but one answer that has been given me to that question by all who remember the year. One large farmer could not help chuckling with triumphant glee at the recollection of that glorious harvest. "Crops, Sir? Never had such a crop in my life. I had one hundred and fourteen acres as fine wheat as ever was grown—the yield was twelve coomb an acre all round and the straw as white as a dog's tooth.

be held up there at that time; 'cause there was a water-mill standing there and he had plenty o' water all the time, and when the land was as dry as cinders he said he *would* have some turnips if it was ever so. And he ploughed up his land and he dibbled his seed in, and he regularly watered 'em with pails and barrels and things." "Well, did it answer?" "Answer? No! that warn't likely. They all came to nothing, and all he got for his pains wi' folks laughed at him, and right enough, too!"

Meanwhile the cattle and horses suffered frightfully. You might have bought scores and hundreds of ewes for five shillings apiece, and the bullocks were so "poor" "they looked like atomies" (skeletons). Farmer S. had to cart water more than three miles for his stock in the dried-up pastures at Scarning. When the carts came to within a mile of the meadows the poor animals began to low huskily and crowd to the gates, and the very sheep bleated as they heard the wheels. The birds, too, settled in small flocks upon the carts as they came along the road or gathered in scores about the tiny puddles that grew at the gates of the field from the leakage. In the fens of Cambridgeshire the animals suffered cruelly—less, as it seemed, from the want of drink than from the terrible dryness of the atmosphere and from the clouds of dust that went swooping along over the level land whenever there was any stir in the air. One good man who was living then at Isleham, in Cambridgeshire, remembered the joy with which a July shower was hailed. It lasted only an hour or so. While it was falling, a large house covered with ivy attracted his attention. What was the matter? Going up to it, he saw the ivy was all alive with rats that were thirstily drinking the raindrops as they fell upon the leaves.

But we had to suffer, too, in many ways which one would not have thought of at first. Washing was all but impossible. There are distressing stories of skin affections among the children, and how the poor little things couldn't sit still, and how the painful irritation that "kind o' crazed 'em like" acted upon their tempers, and made them quite unbearable at home.

"How about the beer? Did you drink more than was good for you?"

"Why, what was they to do? What could *you* do with a single pail of water a day, and that scooped out of a marl pit? A man'd come home and find the kettle empty, and the little 'uns that dry as they couldn't keep their mouths shut, and his lips all cracked and sore. What was he to do but go over the way and have half a pint? O' course it didn't stop there."

It came to an end at last, as everything does, but I suspect that the effects of the long drought did not pass away so quickly as one might be inclined to think. The *meral* that a rustic philosopher drew from it all was not very far from the truth: "It's my opinion, Sir, that man and beast can do without wittles a deal better than he can do without water, and I'd rather be drowned than dried up any day!"



PORTRAIT IN PASTEL—MISS M. H. CARLISLE.

PICTURES IN THE NEW GALLERY.

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POOR MOTHERLESS BAIRNS.—MISS FLORA M. REED.



MURIEL AND ETHEL, DAUGHTERS OF A. ROBERTSON STEELE, ESQ.
MRS. KATE PERUGINI.



AN ARCADIAN SHEPHERD.—MRS. ANNA LEA MERRITT.



"WE'VE BEEN ROAMING."—ROBERT LITTLE.

THE KEEPER'S GIBBET.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Passing by the keeper's tree in the Frying Pan this morning, I noticed with regret that the game-preserving authorities had brought to justice at last a genial old friend of mine. I knew that jay well; he was on speaking terms with me: many a time as I walked by the copse on the hillside, where the stony path descends abruptly among holly-bushes and hazels, I have heard his harsh cry wake the startled air from the depths of the covert. Less often I caught one glimpse of his cobalt-blue wings, just gleaming among the yellowish green of the young May oak-leaves as he glided furtively from branch to branch, in his effort to escape the ever-watchful eye of man, his enemy. But all in vain. Sooner or later, I fear, 'tis the fate of every jay to fall to some keeper's gun; the rigour of the law has to-day overtaken my blue-winged friend here. Now he writhes in the wind on the ill-omened tree, ignominiously strung up, like any common felon, among the mummied, dried, and malodorous remains of weasels, stoats, and such-like plebeian depredators. There he will hang, no doubt, a warning to evildoers—to "larn them to be a jay"—till his feathers begin to fall, when the keeper will appropriate his brilliant blue wing-coverts to sell to the manufacturers of flies for anglers.

I sympathise with jays. They are all but the most beautiful in tint of our native British birds, having no rival in this line save the gorgeous kingfisher; and they keep alive still in our degenerate days the fine old woodland and poaching propensities of all their ancestry. Hence, of course, they are persecuted by squires through their minions—the gamekeepers. For my own part, I confess to a sneaking regard

for poachers and gypsies, foxes, stoats, jays, otters, tinkers, and outcasts in general. I have even a warm place in my heart for the persecuted, misunderstood, and deeply maligned adder. But of all this noble army of ill-used beasts and birds, the jay has the advantage in being handsome and attractive as well as oppressed. He engages one's sympathies both by his mien and his misfortunes. As to family antecedents, he is an ancestral crow, a first cousin of the dingy rooks and ravens—degenerate jays who, following close on intrusive civilisation, and picking up their living for the most part among black ploughed fields, seem to have lost all the primitive beauty of their race, save what little charm they may have managed to retain under the guise of a certain silk-hat-like glossiness. The true jays, on the other hand, keeping close to the ancient forestine life

which their forefathers must have led in primæval woods, before man began to disfigure the lowlands of the world with his gloomy black tilth, preserve for us still the lustrous plumage and brilliant colouration which so commonly characterise forestine animals. The American blue-jays, in particular, are "flashes of living light"; and their ornamental crests and lordly hues betray that care of beauty in the selection of mates which is a common guerdon of dominant races the whole world over. Our own British species, on the other hand, is less remarkable in hue; though even he, with his rufous-red body, his spangled blue wing-patch, his white throat and tail-

the farmer hates him because he devours his seed-corn, steals his fruit in due season, and plays havoc with his peas and beans and cherries. The jay is so large and beautiful and conspicuous a bird that he is easily hunted down; hence he has learned with time to conceal himself sedulously in the thickest foliage, and to hide in winter among hollies and ivies or the boughs of pinewoods. In fact, he is the shyest and most cautious of our British birds; and though in the springtime, when he courts and wins his sky-blue mate, his raucous love-cry may often be heard from some budding oak, only the haunter of lonely spots in copse or hanger ever catches a

stray glimpse of the wily woer himself as he lurks among the dry leaves that give him precarious shelter. More still: I think there are fewer jays in England nowadays than even twenty years ago; the population is decreasing through deaths by violence and through human interference with the needs of the breeding season. From all time, moreover, the jay has ranked as a bird of ill-omen—we know him so from Horace; so that his cry, when heard, has doubtless always secured him the unfavourable attention of the outraged listener. No doubt the sudden harshness and strident character of the voice first gained the poor bird this evil reputation; and, indeed, if the sound comes upon one unexpectedly in a wood, the effect is quite startling. Yet the jay, though "garrulous," as his scientific title duly records, does not deserve his bad name: he is in the main a humble and innocent vegetarian; he feeds in winter off a diet of acorns; and he even does some good in spring by devouring large quantities of grubs and caterpillars inimical to oak-trees. Now, every vegetarian is permitted by his creed the occasional solace of eggs; though, when the eggs are a pheasant's, the Draconian code of the game-preserved knows no

punishment for the offender against forest law save one—the death-penalty. So jays must hang—that epicures may dine on the first of October.

One of the rarest pennies in existence was sold by auction on May 13, when it was knocked down to Messrs. Spink and Son, of Piccadilly, for no less a sum than £250. The coin which realised this large amount is a gold penny of the reign of Henry III. In the year 1257, according to a manuscript chronicle preserved among the archives of the City of London, the King ordered the issue of a penny of the finest gold, and willed that it should be current for the value of twenty pence. In the same year, however, this coin was decried. Only three other specimens are known, two being in the British Museum,



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE CAMEL CORPS ON THE WAY TO WADY HALFA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

coverts, his black bill and moustache, and his wary blue eye, is a most striking specimen of the free-born woodlander. In his relations with the rook, most degraded yet most successful of the corvinae kind, he is a text for Max Nordau; he shows at a glance the eternal contrast between the eager and sensitive denizen of the woods and the sombre and black-suited hanger-on of civilisation. Your rook is all sobriety, solemnity, decorum, cunning—a Pecksniff among birds; your jay, all agility, watchfulness, chivalry, vivacity—a gay, modern Robin Hood of the peasant-haunted woodland.

His very beauty and dexterity and woodcraft, however, have told in the end against him. No creature in our game-preserves has more watchful enemies. The keeper hates him for no better reason than because he displays a most natural taste for pheasants' eggs and young partridges;

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The audience assembled at the Criterion Theatre to see the first performance of "Rosemary," written for Charles Wyndham by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, positively refused to be critical. Everyone present was more or less a friend of the brilliant actor who has recently been toasted with all the honours. All knew he had been ill—seriously ill; all understood what the result of a failure would have been to him; all had been told that, success or not, "Rosemary" could only be played for a few nights, as the doctors had given imperative orders that so far as the Criterion manager was concerned Piccadilly was at once to be exchanged for the Engadine, Davos Platz—any bracing air or a long sea voyage. So by tacit but unanimous consent all evil was put on one side. Every dramatic fault and heresy was excused or condoned. The visitors to the pit behaved like guardian angels, stalls and boxes applauded on every possible occasion, and the gods in the gallery raised no objection to speeches from the stage or the appearance of the authors again and again behind the footlights. There was a time, no doubt, when the historic "gentleman in the white hat" would have had something to say about that uneventful monologue that constituted the last act and caused an awesome anti-climax. But he held his peace, and both play and players were received with cordial unanimity.

"Rosemary" is, no doubt, a delightful little work, simple in theme, well written, pretty to look at, and wholly inoffensive. It has been compared, I know not why, to the "Sweethearts" of W. S. Gilbert, or the "Sweet Lavender" of Arthur Pinero, and various other idyllic works with which, so far as I can see, it has nothing in common.

Whenever a pure play is produced on the stage people rush back to "Sweethearts" as an example, forgetting that such authors have existed as Robertson and Carton. The story is simplicity itself. It deals with the love affairs of a middle-aged country Squire, who is living in solitude with an old Professor who has Horace, Homer, and Virgil at the tip of his tongue, and astonishes the rustic handmaidens with his grandiloquent eloquence. The Squire has once before in his life been badly hit by Cupid, but his first love died, and he has seen no reason to change his state or become a Benedick. But accidents will happen in the best-regulated families, even in those of lonely bachelor Squires. The accident in this case occurs at the very gates of the Squire's park, when

the wheel comes off the post-chaise of a runaway couple who are presumably on their road to be married by the blacksmith at historic Gretna Green. But the Squire comes upon the scene, and offers the shelter of his roof to the pair of turtle-doves, who are pursued in hot haste by their indignant parents, who, in a delightful scene, are introduced to the runaways next morning at the breakfast-table. The Squire, bachelor as he is, sentimental as he is, semi-philosopher as he is, must be described, I fear, as what Sheridan calls "an unconscionable dog." For the first thing he does is to make desperate love to the pretty girl who is on her road to the altar with another man, both of them being under his protection as a host. The Squire proves irresistible, of course. At any rate, the butterfly bride prefers, or pretends to prefer, his conversation, his manner, his experience, and his method of love-making to that of her boy-lover, who is cruelly chaffed for his jealousy by the man who is deliberately stealing his lady-love away from him.

It requires all the philosophy and common-sense of his old friend the Professor to persuade the middle-aged Squire that his conduct is not strictly honourable. The Squire, of course, retorts with the well-known and well-worn argument that such a lout as the young lover was not worthy of so bewitching a maiden: an excuse that would justify every act of dishonour committed by man. But the Professor's good counsels prevail, the Squire gives up the girl who does not belong to him, some pages of her compromising diary are flung behind some rotten wainscotting, and the value of the girl is shown by her rushing back without a plaint or murmur to the arms of the youth

to whom she has been so heartlessly cruel. Once more the reflective Squire is left alone in the world. Love has not come his way, but he consoles himself with purchasing the freehold of the old London coffee-house where he last parted from the coquettish Dorothy on the Coronation Day of her Majesty Queen Victoria. This is virtually the end of the play and the romance.

There is no more to be said; but the authors have appended to it a tag or monologue, called an act, which escaped censure only by a miracle. Fifty years later the Squire, a man of ninety years, revisits the coffee-house on her Majesty's Jubilee, and indulges in a long-winded reverie which fails to interest the audience. I fear much that if something is not done to this monologue-act that it will prove a soporific to future audiences. That the scene is unnecessary is sufficiently obvious; but the worst of it is that it does not suit the actor for whom it has been designed. A *tour de force* in acting could alone justify this cold-water douche on what has been charming and delightful.

Charles Wyndham has seldom acted more admirably, with such spirit, animation and charm, as in the earlier scenes of this curious but fascinating play. He is one of the very few actors on the stage—as we saw the other day when he played Charles Surface—who can assume the manners of an age with the costume allotted to it. No doubt, for the sake of picturesqueness, nearly all the dresses in this play have been ante-dated rather than post-dated. The period of the play is 1838. All I can say is that I was myself born in 1841, and cannot, and never could, recall any material change in the dress of men and women between then and now. I can well remember that my mother wore ringlets, but I never saw a bottle-green coat in my life, or a stock, save on the neck of very old gentlemen and dandies. However, all that is excusable, for the stage pictures of the early Victorian era are delightful, and will add materially to the interest of the play. Its success was won, in addition to Charles Wyndham, by Miss Mary

Moore, a bewitching little flirt; by Mr. J. H. Barnes, quite admirable as the Professor; and by Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Annie Hughes.

In the earliest days of the drama, women characters were played by boys. In these latest days the policy is reversed, and boys' characters are played by women. The



MISS MARY MOORE

"DOROTHY CRUIKSHANK"

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM

"SIR JASPER THURDYKE"

"ROSEMARY," THE NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

latest example of the universal woman movement is a very striking and admirable performance of Romeo by Miss Esmé Beringer. As a general rule, such changes are to be deprecated, but the new Romeo was such a revelation that the majority of those who came to condemn went away applauding with both hands. The fact of the matter is that true romance must be banished from the stage unless we accept as our Romeo's *blasé* youths or middle-aged men. Where are we to find our Romeo's if clever women are not permitted to play them? Romance and the enthusiasm of a hot-blooded Italian boy are considered "bad form" by our younger actors. Authors have to search high and low for a Romeo or a Corrèze. For my own part, I would sooner see a clever girl like Esmé Beringer play Romeo, showing us the pulse, the fire, the petulance, and the variety of Shakspere's model lover, than see the part murdered by an inarticulate youth or mumbled by an elderly man. The young actress succeeded in making me forget that she was a woman, and I have seldom heard the text of Shakspere more admirably delivered. It was really a very remarkable performance for so young an actress, who has clearly shown herself to be a student as well. So long as our boy-actors prefer biking and billiards, the attractions at the club, poker and solo whist, to the deep study that Shakspere requires, I presume we must put up with girl-Romeos who love their art more than pleasure. The Juliet of Miss Vera Beringer was "as pretty as a picture," but I never did think that any girl, however clever, could play Juliet. It is one of the great Shaksprian characters that require youth and experience as well. But in what body are they both? I pause for a reply. It is earnestly to be hoped that we shall see a few more performances of the new "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. W. H. Vernon and Mr. Austin Melford must certainly not be left out of the cast.



MISS ANNIE HUGHES

"ROSCELA"

MR. J. H. BARNES

"PROFESSOR TOGRAN"

"ROSEMARY," THE NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION.

The celebration, both in England and on the Continent, of the centenary of the first vaccination, which was performed on May 14, 1796, by Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of the invaluable preventive, has combined with the alarming epidemic of small-pox at Gloucester to illustrate the adage that a prophet is seldom honoured in his own country, for Jenner was himself a native of Gloucestershire. The centenary is being observed with much honour in Germany, and an exhibition of Jenner relics is now open in Berlin. The collection contains a variety of objects connected with the history of vaccination, including an old portrait of Dr. Jenner, and a set of eighty-three medals celebrating his great discovery.

THE JOHANNESBURG REFORM COMMITTEE.

It was on January 10, after the defeat of Dr. Jameson's expedition in the Transvaal and the collapse of the Johannesburg Uitlanders' plot, with the surrender of their weapons and warlike stores procured for an intended forcible Revolution, that about sixty residents in that town were arrested upon the charge of treasonable conspiracy, along with Messrs. Lionel Phillips, Hays Hammond, George Farrar, Colonel Frank Rhodes, and one or two other leading members of the "National Reform Union Committee." All the accused have since pleaded guilty upon their arraignment before the competent judicial tribunal of the South African Republic. The sentence formally passed upon them by the judges of the Court was that of heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment, which have now been reduced, by the President and Executive Council of the State, to one year's imprisonment for the less conspicuous and influential members of the Association; while the sentence of death passed on April 28 upon four of the chief directors and managers above named, has been commuted to imprisonment for five years. Any further mitigations of the penalties will depend probably on the maintenance of tranquillity, and obedience to the laws and government of the Republic, among the mixed population of various European, Colonial, South African, American, and Australian races, nationalities, and classes of society, assembled within seven or eight years past at the newly built capital of the Rand goldfields. But it may fairly be expected that, in the greater number of these cases, a pecuniary atonement of no disproportionate amount will ultimately supersede the endurance of long penal confinement at Pretoria, though

Mr. H. Beecher.

Colonel Betlington. Dr. Hans Sauer. Mr. J. G. Auret.
Mr. H. Mullins. Mr. E. O. Hutchinson. Dr. W. T. Davies. Mr. F. Spencer.



Mr. C. L. Anderson.

Mr. A. L. Lawley.

Mr. H. B. Marshall. Mr. C. Butters.

some of those convicted of insidious hostilities against the State may still be exiled from its territory for several years to come. A significant remark which occurs in Mr. Chamberlain's recent message to President Kruger was, "Her Majesty's Government cannot see that the exercise of clemency by the President," in these cases, "is, or ought to be, dependent upon the language of unknown and unspecified persons who have been supposed to defend the inroad"—that is to say, the action of Dr. Jameson and his comrades. It must nevertheless be considered that the possibility of a renewal of plots and conspiracies, with or without external assistance from beyond the frontier, must be apparently rendered more imminent by attempts to vindicate, or even to palliate, actions of that kind; and that the question of maintaining a sentence or decree of expulsion and exclusion from the country is one of political expediency, with a view to lessening the amount of peril to the State.

That Mr. Chamberlain realises this side of the question is, however, happily illustrated by his reply to President Kruger's complaint concerning the attitude of her Majesty's Government. In this reply Mr. Chamberlain reminds the President that her Majesty's Government has promised that a Parliamentary inquiry shall be made, as soon as the legal proceedings against Dr. Jameson and his officers have been definitely concluded, into the entire operation of the charter granted to the British South Africa Company. Moreover, this inquiry is to deal not merely with recent events in the Transvaal, but with the whole administration of the company, but until this investigation has been accomplished, the Government is not to be expected to give any sentence concerning the future of the Company.

Mr. W. St. John Carr. Mr. A. M. Niven. Mr. H. F. Strange. Mr. B. Lazarus.
Mr. R. Fricker. Sir Drummond Dunbar. Mr. F. H. Hamilon. Mr. G. Sandilands. Mr. C. Garland.

Dr. Hillier. Mr. W. Hosken. Major Tremeer. Mr. E. P. Solomon. Mr. H. C. Hull. Mr. F. Grey.
Mr. V. M. Clement. Captain Mein. Dr. Brodie. Dr. Davies. Mr. J. G. Auret.



Mr. B. Head.

Mr. F. Mosenthal.

Mr. W. Goddard.

Mr. A. Bailey.

Mr. H. C. Hull.



Mr. J. Donaldson.

Mr. H. Bettelheim.

Mr. A. Brown.

Mr. W. H. S. Bell.

Mr. Max Langerman.

Mr. S. W. Jameson.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: ATTACK ON THE DERVISHES NEAR AKASHEH ON MAY 1.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright.

Three squadrons of cavalry, supported by a Soudanese battalion, the whole force being under the command of Major Burn-Murdock, came into collision four miles east of Akasheh with a force of two hundred Dervish horsemen and one thousand footmen. There was a sharp skirmish, but the Dervishes were defeated with considerable loss.

LITERATURE.

Mrs. Woods has got into her dramatic poem, *Wild Justice* (Smith, Elder, and Co.), the conflict between good and evil, the clashing of human wills with fate, the irresistible and driving forces of a mournful destiny, which made her "Village Tragedy" so profoundly moving and terrible. In "Wild Justice" the horror never lifts, the tragedy ends in darkest night. The scene is on a lonely island surrounded by rocks and approached on one side by a quicksand. The tragedy of human souls takes place in a lonely house, Ty Mawr, the house of Gryffith Gwyllim, who for years has loaded his helpless wife and children with nameless outrage and suffering. One child mad, one drowned, one a cripple, one seeking to escape his tyranny by the road of shame: these are units of his hapless family. Mrs. Woods has not failed in writing up to her own piteous conception. How the oppressed are wrought on till they become murderers and parricides she unfolds with grim power. The roar of the waves makes a part of the drama, as does the eerie grave-song which Gwyllim's unhappy daughter sings for a lullaby to her baby sister. Mrs. Woods has made her play terrible enough. There is a horror about Ty Mawr, such a horror as human suffering and passion can impart to the house that shelters it as the body does the soul. One remembers the house of "Wuthering Heights," the grey walls of which contained more terrible battle and tempest and devastation than the forest at night when the storm is out and all the trees are groaning, and the lightning lays low many a proud head. Mrs. Woods has realised her scene well, and has known how to play upon our emotions of pity and terror. Her blank verse is admirable, better than her lyrics. A passage here and there has sustained majesty.

How could she! That is the exclamation that rises to our lips on opening Daniel Woodroffe's novel *Her Celestial Husband* (T. Fisher Unwin), which purports to tell us how a young Englishwoman allowed herself to be wooed and married and carried off to China by a handsome Celestial, pigtail and all. "Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," and when we realise, as Daniel Woodroffe makes us realise, the bitter disillusionments of the suburban belle, the love-trouble that befall her, and the slowly overcoming mental aberration that threw her into the arms of Lew-Chin, the whole catastrophe seems as inevitable, as convincing, as the bloody finale of some Greek tragedy. With really consummate art has the author traced out the workings of the neurotic madness which gradually led Mabel Conyers to do to death with her own hands the perfectly gentle and harmless Chinese gentleman who yet offends against all the prejudices, all the race-traditions she had thought to trample on. Lew-Chin is a wonderful study, inasmuch as he is a charming example of his race, and treats his beautiful English wife perfectly according to his lights. Daniel Woodroffe has "got up" his China, but so well that he allows us to forget the pains he has taken. He refrains from dragging in local colour, and spares us the inevitable chopsticks of Chinese fiction. Mabel Conyers is not a Cook's tourist in China, with an all-insatiable commonplace-book, but a living, breathing woman, who acts out the tragedy of her life in these unfamiliar and grotesque surroundings, which add a terrible poignancy to her sufferings. Mr. Woodroffe has produced a strong, original, interesting book; and we look forward with interest to his next.

Open *His Honour and a Lady* (Macmillan and Co.) and you are in Calcutta; you seem to breathe its not too wholesome physical and moral atmosphere, and to mix intimately with its cynical society, both English and native. But it is an intellectually idealised Calcutta. The talk is too brilliant for any society, and perhaps too cynical for even Anglo-Indian society. But, indeed, the tone and moral of this singularly clever novel are depressingly cynical. The righteous and beneficent Lieutenant-Governor is hounded out of power and to death because of his righteousness and beneficence; while the scoundrel who worked his downfall is appointed to succeed him just because of his subtle suppleness. The whole story of John Church's fall is told, however, with admirable spirit, skill, and humour, from the ferocious agitation factitiously got up against him in the native press down to the characteristic comment of the *Times*: "Finally, the *Times* gave it almost a parochial importance, and solemnly in two columns, with due respect for constituted authority, came to no conclusion at all from every point of view." But it is with the personages, not the polities, of the book that novel-readers will concern themselves, and we can assure them of the exceeding cleverness of the society to which it introduces them. "India," writes Mrs. Everard Cotes, "is full of people who would rather be a Chief Commissioner than Rudyard Kipling or Saint Michael"; but Mrs. Cotes herself, in right of this brilliant novel, takes hierachal rank with these two patron saints of India.

A man of light and leading in quitting life has Sir Peter Teazle's satisfaction as he quitted the scandal-mongers: "I'm called away, but I leave my character behind me." The memoir-writer—*pede pœna claudio*—limps after his memory, and sooner or later overtakes and befools it. Of these maggots, bred from death and fed by corruption, Barras is pre-eminent, in right at once of the greatness of his prey and the foulness of his attack upon it. The final two volumes of his *Memoirs* (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) irresistibly recall his last joke, at which he

laughed till he fainted. He had forty ponderous portfolios sealed with his seal to take in the Government, who would seize and examine them after his death. "What will they find in them, do you think?" he asked on his death-bed. "Why, my laundress's bills for the past thirty-five years. There will be work enough to decipher them, for I have soiled much linen from the 9th Thermidor to the present day." And so he certainly had; but it is only the linen soiled by others that he exposes in his *Memoirs*, which are as malignant as they are interesting. If you should not unnaturally hesitate to accept M. Duruy's estimate of the "Memoirs" he edits so ably, yet—in the interests of his idol Napoleon—denounces so furiously, you must at least attach weight to the judgments formed of Barras by his colleagues of the Directorate. "Barras," says Carnot, "conceals the ferocity of a Caligula under an exterior of simulated thoughtlessness"; while another colleague, Larivière-Lépaut, writes, "Treachery and deep dissimulation had but become strengthened in Barras with advancing years. . . . To him a lie is nothing, and calumny a pastime." But, indeed, the *Memoirs* themselves unconsciously reveal the mean malignity of the man. Take, for instance, all his dastardly references to Josephine. "Her husband," he writes, "having, as was his wont, commanded Madame Bonaparte to my care, it was a matter of course that she should write to me." And he then proceeds to quote—not her letters—but her doctor's, giving minute and disgusting medical details of her ailment and of her treatment. This nasty French facetiousness is Barras's revenge upon a woman for having seduced him! According to this

biographer, and if he was far from being an ideal critic—if he judged the poets by crude daylight rather than by "the light that never was on sea or land"—at least his virile common-sense criticisms are worth volumes of the sickly and "precious" stuff that does duty sometimes for criticism to-day.

Mr. Salt in his *Biographical Study of Shelley* (William Reeves) has brought together his previous essays on the poet ineffectively, since the result is rather a mechanical than an organic whole. The chapters overlap and repeat each other, and especially reiterate *ad nauseam* complaints of contemporary inappreciation of Shelley. Surely it would have been sufficient to have gibbeted once such idiotic criticism on the poet as this of the *Quarterly* that his rhythm was unmusical, and "his poetry, in sober sadness, drivelling prose run mad." But Mr. Salt is not satisfied till he has "thrice routed all his foes and thrice has slain the slain." After all, contemporary inappreciation is the measure and the martyrdom of all originality, and no bird of Paradise can escape being pecked to death in the habitat of daws.

In reading the striking romance which Mr. Ernest Rhys has written under the title of *The Fiddler of Carne: a North Sea Winter's Tale* (Patrick Geddes, and Co.), we were often reminded of Stevenson's whimsical comparison of artists to certain other dealers in pleasure, and of his reiterated insistence upon the unmanliness of the poet's, painter's, and composer's trades. The Fiddler of Carne is the perfect impersonation of the artist of Louis Stevenson's

conception, powerful as a musician; as a man, weak, womanish, self-centred, and absorbed. Take from him his magic fiddle-bow, and he is like a witch without her broomstick—a feeble old woman. But there there's magic in his fiddle-bow of such compelling power that it sways men as a sceptre. His playing keeps the sailors at sea dancing till their unmanned ship drifts to her destruction, and on land keeps the life-boat crew dancing till the lives they might have saved are lost. What wonder that the charming heroine, who is Welsh, and therefore musical, should have been bewitched by the weird artist? She wavers between him and her sailor-lover, who was the reverse of an artist—the manliest of men—till the supreme moment of the last powerful scene of the story, where she prefers to drown in the arms of the sailor to being saved with the self-engrossed Fiddler of Carne. It is a fine story, told with singular power, and not without the humour necessary to the relief of its tragic scenes. Captain Fox, Mistor Fostor, Three-Quarter Willim, and the verger of St. Michael's make the "First and Last Inn" hardly less interesting and amusing than the immortal "Rainbow."

A LITERARY LETTER.

The *Times* must really come down off its stilts. It will probably for years to come take the palm for special telegraphic communications—that is to say, for just as long as it chooses to pay for them—but with regard to home news it must always be purely a question of the method of treatment; every paper gets the same material to work with. I read in the *Times* of Saturday, for example, that "we are informed on the best authority that the preparation of Dr. Murray's new English Dictionary is being continued." This put into a little plainer English simply means that the Oxford University Press has sent out a circular to the Press to the effect that its little quarrel with Dr. Murray has been patched up, that there had been a protest against certain expansions of the scheme which Dr. Murray and his assistants had formed, but now things are going on merrily, and we are still to have our great English Dictionary.

The *Times* again, on Friday, referred to some Brontë manuscripts which are to be sold at Sotheby's, and said that they had formerly been in the possession of a relative in the West of England. Now, there are only two relatives of the Brontës still alive in this country, and neither of them has ever possessed any Brontë manuscript. One of them is a Mr. Thomas Brontë Branwell, who was formerly a clerk in the War Office, and still lives at Honor Oak; the other is a Miss Charlotte Branwell, who has lived all her life at "Shirley," Penzance. These two are the son and daughter of one of Mrs. Brontë's sisters, who married a cousin of the same name. Neither of them knows very much about the Brontës, although Miss Branwell possesses a miniature of her famous aunt, the mother of the Brontës, and also of the aunt who lived with the Brontë girls through their childhood.

The announcement of the death of M. Constantin Héger, which took place on May 6 in Brussels, recalls a very picturesque figure in literary history. M. Héger, it will be remembered, was the husband of the lady who kept the Pensionnat in the Rue d'Isabelle, Brussels, where Charlotte and Emily Brontë studied for twelve months, and to which Charlotte afterwards returned as an English governess. For M. Héger Charlotte Brontë always expressed the deepest admiration, and she has immortalised him by her creation of Paul Emanuel, which those who knew M. Héger declared to be a perfect likeness. M. Héger was a man of singular nobleness of character, and there were other Englishwomen besides the Miss Brontës who professedly esteemed him. He leaves two daughters—Mdlles. Louise and Claire Héger—and a son, a doctor of distinction in Brussels.

C. K. S.



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. II.—MRS. WOODS.

The name of Margaret L. Woods was some seven years ago enrolled among those of the foremost of contemporary writers of fiction by the sombre power of her first novel, "A Village Tragedy." Since then her work has been small in bulk but fine in quality, "Esther Vanhomrigh"—a story with Dean Swift for its central figure—and "The Vagabonds" having well sustained her high reputation. Her small volume of "Lyrics and Ballads" has shown her to be also a poet of notable distinction; and a new dramatic poem from her pen, "Wild Justice," is reviewed in these columns. Mrs. Woods is a daughter of the Dean of Westminster, and is married to the Rev. H. G. Woods, President of Trinity College, Oxford.

dastard's own account, Josephine was but too kind to him, and he repays her by publishing sewage of this sort. A man who scatters such skunk-like venom on a woman's memory is hardly to be trusted when he makes at once general and particular attacks upon her character; when he charges her with "ever seeking her happiness in love affairs; it was either a cavalry or an infantry officer, or even conscripts—the latest having been one little Charles, on whose behalf she had committed every kind of extravagance"; or when he describes her abject attempt to renew with him their former immoral relations: "She flings her arms about my neck, then about my knees, which she tightly embraces, bedewing them with her tears." But whatever else may be said of these *Memoirs*, there is no disputing their interest or their value—if only for their revelation of the foulness of the scum which got to the top after the subsidence of the Revolution.

We welcome a new edition, under the competent editorship of Mr. Arthur Waugh, of *Johnson's Lives of the Poets* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), of which the first volume (of six) has just appeared. Bacon's generally inapposite comparison of time to a river, in which gold sinks and straws float, applies to the remains of Johnson, whose elaborate works live only in libraries, whereas his table-talk and his "Lives"—which were thrown off as lightly as his table-talk—still hold the field. To quote the line he contributed to "The Deserted Village," time's "ocean has swept the laboured mole away," while this light flotsam floats still upon it buoyantly. Johnson, with his wide and profound knowledge of life and of man, was an ideal

THE LADIES' PAGE.
DRESS.

I observe that pink is the colour for millinery at the moment: whether it be the pink of perfection or not depends upon the face it crowns; but Fashion has ordained that the hats and bonnets should be made of pink straw, and assuredly, when the wearer of such frivolity be young and fair and slim, and gowned in muslin decked with dainty laces, there is nothing to grumble at in the result of the mandate. Unhappily, of course, all womankind is not young and fair and slim, but the joyous minority may take heart of grace and gown of grace by the purchase of some eighteen yards of embroidered muslin, some eighteen dozen yards of fine Valenciennes lace, garnished to taste, as the cookery book would say, with ribbons, and served up by an artist in manipulation. In parenthesis, I may observe, though it will, perhaps, exhaust the obvious, that the materials for your gown matter little: success is attained or avoided by the manner in which they are treated. How often have I met a stuff labelled "latest fashion," made in the "latest way," according to the fashion books and the intellectual capabilities of the suburban dressmaker, whose atrocities have been sufficient to make me forswear its kind for evermore!

And, by the way, a fabric which is seriously threatening to become hateful in the sight of the connoisseur by its too common use is grass lawn, which may be bought in fair quality and double width for some 1s. 6½d. a yard, and is bound to be sacrificed on the altar of its popularity. Everyone will buy it; one person out of fifty will know what to do with it—will grant unto it the respectful treatment which is its due, and the other forty-nine will combine to ruin its every charm. Grass lawn is unquestionably a pretty fabric; but it needs the glacé silk lining, the dainty trimmings of lace, the judicious adjustment of ribbon to exploit its charms to the very fullest.

A delightful grass-lawn gown have I seen this week, with a skirt trimmed with bands of white satin ribbon, bordered on either side with a narrow écrù guipure; there were seven rows of this ribbon in all, and the bodice was entirely striped with it from neck to waist; while the sleeves were quite tight-fitting, also striped with the lace, with double frills of the grass lawn round the armhole; neck and waist were encircled by a white satin band, and the general effect was enhanced by a long thin gold chain studded with many-coloured enamels, which fell over the shoulders and was festooned on to the bust with a small diamond heart brooch. I confess the dress was worn by an extremely pretty girl; while the hat, which completed it, was one of the new pale pink straws, with the brim bordered with white satin ribbon covered with a puffing of tulle, the crown trimmed with a group of black feathers. Talking of pale pink hats reminds me of one I must chronicle, which also showed this satin ribbon on the edge covered with a bouillonné of tulle, turned up at the back to display innumerable loops of black velvet ribbon, while

conclusion that it was almost impossible to spend less—that is to say, if one wanted to gratify one's every wish and to supply oneself with the daintiest of laces, the best of furs, the most attractive of glittering jewellery, such expenditure would hardly be found sufficient. And when one comes to consider even such a trivial matter as muslin and lace petticoats, and morning gowns, which are labelled in all the best shop windows from three to five guineas, it is easy to see how you can spend money: how you can avoid spending it is beset with appalling difficulties.

But for the moment I will contemplate myself in possession of some two pounds a week to be devoted to the greedy monster Fashion, who really swallows up the incomes of the impecunious with a rapacity much to be deplored. Summer-time is the most expensive. The sunlight seems to insist upon new garments every day; in the winter we can sit over the fire and not emerge until the friendly London fog puts in its post-prandial appearance amiably to conceal the various defects of our dark gowns and fur coats. Grey is the most economical colour just now, for if bought in a light shade it will be sufficiently attractive to grace a festive occasion, while alpaca, crépon, and mohair each commends itself as a material. The alpaca, of course, looks its best made in the coat and skirt fashion, and linings of white silk will add to its effect, and the waistcoat of soft white frilled cambric may be finished at the neck with a linen collar and a plaid necktie.

Plaid neckties and black neckties are most popular over in Paris, and there are also some exceedingly pretty new ties labelled "Parisian" made of white muslin with the ends tucked into points and edged with Valenciennes lace. It is in such trifles as these that the Parisians do something towards maintaining their reputation as leaders of fashion. The little frills which they put round their necks and their sleeves, the many-coloured quillings on the inside of the linings of their skirts, their belts, their veils—all these minor matters which make such a major difference are understood of our French sisters with signal sympathy.

But let me return to my economical suggestions. Having bought a grey alpaca coat and skirt, a tuscan-tinted canvas might be purchased, which if supplied with a cream chiffon bodice with pale yellow lace motifs sewn all over it, and crowned with a Panama hat trimmed with white roses and white silken gauze, would be found to make a very charming costume. A black-and-white striped skirt would also be an economical purchase, and the same chiffon bodice with the yellow lace motifs might be worn with this belted with black ribbon and crowned with a pale pink hat trimmed with white chiffon bordered with narrow black velvet ribbon and a big cluster of red and pink roses.

The chiné silks are still favourites of fashion, and make the most charming skirts with lawn or embroidered bodices, and a white serge coat and skirt and a red serge coat and skirt would both be found to be useful possessions—one of these to be cut according to the conventional man's "morning coat" fashion, the other to savour more of the Eton outline, double-breasted at the waist; or the slim-figured girl might adopt a serge fashioned in the style illustrated this week, worn over a printed cambric shirt with a belt of white kid; it would be voted delightful even by the least appreciative of "other girls."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. C.—I should advise you to cut that picture out of the paper and send it to Marie Schild, 142, Long Acre, when she would no doubt supply you with the pattern you require and tell you the price. Personally I do not supply paper patterns—a matter I will regret for your sake if you like.

DESTRU. —I know Messrs. Cooper and Green, of 8, New Burlington Street, and their work is excellent. I do not fancy though that they would do up your gowns for you unless they were gowns they had made themselves; but I should cordially advise you to go to them for the new dresses. A professional renovator of whose work I hear good accounts is Madame Ritta, 67, Upper Gloucester Place. Indeed I think I quite understand what you want, and will hope to hear that I have supplied it.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Though the Women's Liberal Association holds a meeting of its own it is admitted that it does not press for "women's rights," but acts in accordance with the wishes of the men who are the leaders of the party to which it belongs; while the Women's Liberal Federation takes an independent stand and urges women's questions on their merits, especially pressing forward woman's suffrage. It is not, therefore, matter for surprise that the Liberal Association's meetings in London last week were addressed chiefly by men, and that, in passing a resolution on the Education Bill, they omitted to make any reference to the urgent question for women in connection with it—provision for guarding the representation of the sex to which more than half of the children and teachers belong.

It is open to very little doubt that, as women cannot sit on the County Councils that are to elect the new educational bodies, there will be practically no women members, unless it is made legally necessary, before the Bill passes, that the County Councils shall choose some ladies to be "co-opted." Two Members of Parliament have given notice for Committee on the Bill to add this provision; while Mr. Fry has asked a question of Sir John Gorst, the reply to which makes it certain that the intention of the Government is that women shall at least be eligible as members of the educational authority.

Meantime the new "Revised Code" contains an important provision, by which girls of the educated classes, not trained as pupil teachers in the ordinary fashion, will have elementary school work opened to them. In one of its clauses it enumerates no fewer than twenty-seven examinations, most of them of about the grade of the Higher Local of the Universities, having passed which, together with having gained a certificate of theoretical knowledge of the art of teaching, shall enable young women to take charge of an elementary school not above a certain size. Some professional critics see in this a means of degrading the smaller schools. It is true that the art of teaching is one to be acquired

by experience, and that therefore training under teachers of practice and ability is most desirable. But, on the other hand, even the degree of culture that is implied in holding a Higher Local certificate is beyond that reached by the average pupil teacher in an elementary school; and general knowledge and liberal cultivation of that description should have a distinctly good effect on a teacher's mental standing and capacity, sufficient to counterbalance non-training. At any rate, there are not yet so many careers open to the daughters of middle-class men of small means that this new possibility of earning a living as the teacher of a village school can be scorned.



ONE OF THE SEASON'S DRESSES.

Many a girl of moderate capacity whose parents cannot afford to fit her out for medicine, or High School teaching, or art, may find an opening here.

London University "Presentation," or degree-giving day, was last week, and one of its features was the large number of lady graduates who came up to receive publicly the reward of their attainments. It is satisfactory to know that the fears of Oxford and Cambridge men that their degrees would lose value if it were admitted that women could take them has not proved to be borne out by the experience of London. Men and women meet there in amicable contest, and the victories of the lady students are warmly and generously applauded. Miss Callow was presented as being first in English in the B.A. examination, and Miss Thomas first in Mental and Moral Science. Two only of the 215 who passed the intermediate B.A. examination gained exhibitions, and Miss Blaxley was one of them. In Science Miss Calvert was first in Botany, and Miss Kelly took an exhibition in Zoology. Out of twenty Masters of Arts five were ladies, and of 102 Bachelors of Science thirteen were ladies.

How much do we appreciate "walking in silk attire" because of its intrinsic beauty, and how much because of its costliness? There seems to be a prospect of an immediate diminution of the latter item of attraction in an extraordinary discovery that silk can be made from wood! It is said to be so exactly like the product of the silkworm that we may wear it without being conscious of the fact; but of course it will be much cheaper. While awaiting the development of this invention, we can fall back on the remarkably cheap Japanese silks with which that clever and enterprising people have supplied our market this spring in black-and-white and grey. They have not yet learned exactly how to follow the latest fashion in the shape of chiné or shot silks, but they are striving to get the European markets with such earnestness that next year they will very likely meet the requirements of fashion fully.

There was a very large show of ladies' pet dogs at the Aquarium, the toy Yorkshire terriers and the Blenheims being particularly attractive. Two beautiful little lady dogs, each showing in perfection the golden-brown face and silver-grey long coat of the "Yorky," occupied the judge a long time before he could decide between them. A novelty was a party of "Griffons" or Belgian terriers, which were not shown for prize-winning, being the property of the Queen of the Belgians. These interesting little dogs have short grey hair on the face, and upright ears on little round heads; but in some respects they are like the Yorkshires. The "Charlies" have got as snub-nosed nowadays as bull-dogs, and more so than the pugs that make up so large a part of these shows that one must suppose them to be still the favourite of all dogs with ladies. The toy Pomeranians are most gay and bright-looking little creatures, but seem to have atrocious tempers. The dachshunds were not very numerous; the winner had a nose as pointed as a gimlet.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



A SUMMER COSTUME.

its crown was decked with roses of the palest pink, from the centre of which emerged a mauve orchid. The colouring of this was a joy to the eye; its price, however, would have been a pain to the pocket. This is a minor detail that the devotee of fashion of to-day must not dream of regarding; indeed, someone asked me seriously the other day whether it would be possible to spend five thousand pounds a year on dress, and I proceeded to think the matter over carelessly for two minutes and arrived at once at the

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The reviewers have long ago said their say on Mr. Locker-Lampson's "My Confidences." I have a pensive interest in the book. Many years ago Mr. Locker showed it to me in print, and asked me to be its editor. Mr. Birrell has achieved a duty more appropriately his own, and if I were to offer a criticism, it would only concern the possible desirability of suppressing one or two sentences; but perhaps Mr. Locker wished all that he had written to appear. His remarks on Hayward's—well—intense devotion to society are interesting. I lately read a letter to Hayward on the relations of "society" and men of letters, which will be published one day, from an author who did not much love "Mr. Flan."

Mrs. Norton (who did like the author in question) told Mr. Locker "that she had seen Benjamin Disraeli in St. James's Street in black velvet trousers, lace ruffles, and with high scarlet heels to his boots." A very old lady told myself that she had seen the youth in green velvet trousers and other odd fashions at a party, where he seemed to know nobody, "and I did not think he looked quite like a gentleman," added Lady —, who was seldom censorious. "He tried that sort of thing for a short time, found it was not a success, and discontinued it," says Mr. Locker. It was a gaily dressed ago — witness Count d'Orsay and early portraits of Dickens. Mr. Locker's memoirs are very like his pensive, humorous talk. He was inestimably kind; he was curious, gentle, dissatisfied, a spectator of life. He had not gone down into the lists, his health was never strong, and perhaps he had some wistful regrets. Action and passion had called to him in vain—

In vain for us your horns you blow,
Whose ply was taken long ago.

An amateur, his face is missed at Lord's as well as at Christie's.

Lately I picked up a curious little thing, much in Mr. Locker's line — the album of some Perthshire family, a collection of manuscript poems bound in old red morocco, the dates from 1760 to 1792. Many of the verses had passed between a gallant captain and three fair sisters, to whom he made love. They used classical names and were not, it seemed, in earnest. Then followed poems "by a young lady," Miss Helen Cranstoun, sister of Scott's friend Jane Cranstoun, his *confidante* in his unhappy love affair. Later she was Countess von Purgstall. The elder sister's verses were clever. One is "A Prayer." The maiden prayed not for health, wealth, or innocence, or sense, but for fashion, *le ton*, which she rhymed to "long" and "wrong." "Scott will approve, Torphichen die," she says—an early reference to Sir Walter as a young swain.

Other poems, many, were by "Mrs. Hunter of Leicester Square"; among them, "My mother bids me bind my hair." Hers, too, was the once popular "Cherokee Death Song," with the refrain—

The son of Alknomouk will never complain.

Christopher North recited this piece once to his class in moral philosophy, apropos, I presume, of the doctrines of the Porch; "I think the Romans call it Stoicism." The class, including Sir William Hamilton, who was present en amateur, applauded loudly. Most curious of all was a piece styled "The Wandering Lady to Her Sheep." This lady was the original of Madge Wildfire, "Feeble Fanny." In Scott's notes to "The Heart of Midlothian" will be

found Mr. Train's account of this extraordinary person. A gentleman's daughter, she loved a shepherd swain, whom her irate sire killed out of hand. She then, in his hat, cloak, and crook, roamed the Border, leading her little flock, who all answered to their names. Train thought she was stoned to death by boys in Glasgow; Scott doubted this, finding no records of a trial. The song by Mrs. Hunter of Leicester-Square alludes to the murder of the shepherd lover and—

A father's cruel pride
By whose rash hand my lover died.

Feeble Fanny's wanderings were about 1767-75. Train had seen a ballad of eighty-four lines on these tragic events. Does anyone know the ballad?

Two ladies have kindly offered to search in their collections for the ballad cited to me by Mr. Sala. Unluckily, I do not know its name, and the lines he quoted were—unquotable! They were a parody, or a rude uplandish version of—

He's wooed her in the chamber,
He's wooed her in the ha',
He's wooed her in the laigh cellar,
And that was worst o' a'—

a verse which in divers forms occurs in some variants of "The Queen's Marie." There is a doubt as to whether that

both of a length, and both large ones, both of a price. They are both for the same woman. They must be exactly alike for goodness and price. Fail not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

Judges and juries are likely to have difficult cases. Mr. Stead assures us, by aid of two distinct clouds of witnesses, that his friend Mrs. A. was abed and ill from six to nine of a Sunday evening in Bayswater. Also that the same lady was at the same hour conspicuously present in a Congregational kirk at Z. (possibly Wimbledon), where she handled a hymn-book, opened a door, and firmly declined to contribute to a collection. A photograph shows the lady to be a person not easily mistaken for another. Mr. Stead argues that one or other aspect of Mrs. A. was her double, a double which could open doors. Now, had the lady been charged with a murder at Z., would the evidence that she was in Bayswater at the time secure "a Halibut"? I rather doubt it. Nobody was in her room for most of the time between six and nine p.m. Does the lady possess the clothes (rather peculiar) in which she was seen at Z.? This is an important point. The human mind prefers to believe either in mistaken identity at Z. or in Mrs. A.'s absence (perhaps in a state of somnambulism) from Bayswater and her actual presence at Z.—rather than in Mr. Stead's theory of a double. There are as queer examples of cross-swearers in recorded trials, as in the Annesley case. Perhaps these problems were caused by doubles, but that is not the nearest or readiest explanation. The question has a practical interest, as a matter of human testimony, but Mr. Stead may rely on it that mistaken identity at Z., or actual absence from Bayswater, would appeal to a jury who do not believe in tangible doubles. I have several times been recognised in places where I was not: once at a ball in Carlisle; once (by a very intimate friend) in the Temple; once in her Majesty's library at Windsor Castle; and once bathing at the Step Rock at St. Andrews. Only one of these phantasms was in a room. He mizzled; he did not open the door and walk out: I was writing an essay on Burns in London at the moment. If my double had stolen one of her Majesty's books I could have proved an alibi, and that I had a double "habit and repute." I wish Old Double were dead.

Two ladies very well known in society, Lady Jeune and the Countess of Warwick, have opened, on successive days, a bazaar held in the courtyard of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, in aid of the debt. Both expressed warm sympathy with Wesleyanism and Nonconformity.

The catalogue of new and second-hand guns which Mr. G. E. Lewis, of Birmingham, has just brought out contains much information of real use to shooting men. We find in it, for instance, a list of some thirty technical terms and the corresponding technical terms in French, Italian, and Spanish. Mr. Lewis tells us also that guns can be conveniently sent by parcel post, and he supplies a table of postal rates chargeable for firearms so forwarded; also the maximum dimensions and maximum weights allowed to pass. This catalogue-guide, which is published at sixpence, extends to nearly two hundred pages, and contains a descriptive list that will prove of great assistance to persons living abroad.

THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW, IN WHICH THE CZARS OF RUSSIA ARE CROWNED.

This church stands within the Kremlin, and ranks as the Cathedral of Moscow by reason of its historic associations, though it is only about the size of our Temple Church. It contains among its treasures a curious model of the Mount of Sinai, with a golden tabernacle for the Eucharist, and a Bible presented by the mother of Peter the Great, the binding of which is encrusted with precious stones of enormous value.

ballad is of 1570 or so, or of 1719—or shortly after—and, if Mr. Sala's verse was really part of an old English copy, that copy might throw light on the problem. But I neglected to ascertain, and it was an unladylike version, his!

Having mentioned Miss Jane Cranstoun, I may give, for the entertainment of ladies, the following letter. It was copied out by Miss Cranstoun from the original document, addressed to a draper by a lady who, as will be seen, did not know her own mind—

Sir.—If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal, and let it be full yard long, and rather more than yard long, and let it be full, for it is for a large woman. They tell me I may have a handsome one for eleven shillings, but I should not be willing to give more than twelve shillings for it, but if you have any so long as that, either duffle or cloth, if it is cheaper I should like it as well, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings for it. I should like a cloth one, if you please. I beg of you, Sir, to be so good as not to fail in this cardinal, on Wednesday without fail, and let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do. Fail not on Wednesday, and in doing so you will oblige me, your humble servant, MARY VINE.

P.S.—I hope, Sir, you will charge your lowest price for it, and if you please not to send a duffle one, but a cloth one, and full yard long. Fail not on Wednesday. Please to send it by Mr. Hill, waterman, who comes to the Bee Hive in Queen Street. Pray do not send a duffle one, but a cloth one. I have changed my mind. I should not like it cloth, but duffle. Let it be cloth, and not more than eleven shillings at most, and full yard long. And two, if you please,



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: VIEWS AT MOSCOW, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF RUSSIA.



THE HOLY GATE.

The Holy Gate, or Gate of the Redeemer, forms one of the chief entrances to the Kremlin. The Gate is sacred, and all must uncover as they pass through.



THE THRONE OF THE CZARS.

The Throne of the Czars at Moscow occupies what is known as the Throne Room, a magnificently decorated hall in the Granovitaya Palace within the Kremlin.



THE KREMLIN, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION AND THE GRAND HALL OF ST. GEORGE.

The Kremlin is the citadel of Moscow, and includes within the two miles of embattled walls that surround it palaces, arsenals, monasteries, and churches. Here, in the Cathedral Church of the Assumption, the Czars are crowned, and here, in the great Hall of St. George, they make their most solemn proclamations.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There is not a single historian in the whole wide world who does not admit that Ivan IV., the son of Vassili, was the most fiendish, cruel tyrant that ever lived. Compared with him, Tiberius, Nero, Dionysius of Syracuse, Louis XI., Robespierre, Saint Just, and the other demons of the first Revolution were benevolent and beneficent creatures. And yet, when, on March 19, 1585, he breathed his last, the whole of Moscow was wrapped in gloom, strong men tore their hair and wept like children, women beat their breasts and would not be comforted.

Various explanations as to the causes of this attachment have been forthcoming at different times; the fact remains that Ivan's subjects, and especially the humbler classes, were attached to him. But inasmuch as tyranny begets resentment, which, when powerless to resort to acts, must needs find vent in words, the people coined epigrams about him. The tyranny of Ivan's successors may have become less in the course of four centuries—I say *may*—but the epigrams have remained. As I made up my mind months ago, for reasons I need not explain here, to say as little as possible about Nicholas the Second's coronation, from a purely personal point of view, the reader will, I trust, be content with a few selections from these *very* wise sentences in brief.

Some of them will tend to show that the Russian peasants and lowlier townsmen are not as ignorant as people imagine of the difference between themselves and more civilised nations as far as their respective régimes go; they will also prove that the corruption among the higher officials in Russia is fully understood by the victims of it. "Close to the Czar means close to the fount of honour," says one of these epigrams; but lest it should be thought that honour is the only factor impelling the courtier to be near the august presence of the ruler, there is another pithy saying, "Even the wise seek to secure the favour of the Czar; only the fools fight among each other for his leavings." (Note: "Leavings" is not the exact equivalent for the Russian expression used; but the reader must endeavour to understand with half a word.)

"When the Czar laughs the abdomens of his Ministers shake," and "When the Czar has the small-pox the people are pitted with it." As yet it has not dawned upon the *moujik* that there have been Ministers of autocrats who were merciful to the people, and in showing such mercy served their master more effectually than the exacting and pitiless adviser, only bent on currying favour with the ruler. "You cannot spend your life in serving the Czar and the peasant," and "When the Czar eats roast a great many small bones are left."

The peasantry and the people do not and cannot deny the immense power of the Czar, but even they, though centuries of tradition have taught them to look upon the Czar as a god, insist now and again that there is God above him. "The Czar is very powerful, but not all-powerful." "Truly the Czar is a cousin of God Almighty, but he is not His brother." "The Czar may succeed in shaking the earth, he cannot make it deviate from its axis." "The Czar has a long arm, but it does not reach as far as heaven." "The ukases of the Czar are of no use if God refuses to say 'Amen' to them."

For "The Czar also dies when his hour has come," and "The Czar's body shall putrefy like other people's if it is not embalmed." "The Czar himself gets muddy when he steps into a puddle," and "The lungs of the Czar are not strong enough to extinguish the sun." "The Czar's back would bleed like ours if they gave it the knout."

Nevertheless, the power, I repeat, is not denied; if anything it is emphasised too cynically not to breed the suspicion that the Russian people are, perhaps, of all people the most religious, and that they have the most invincible faith in the doctrine that life is only a preface to eternity, where there will be no rulers and where all shall be alike. It is the excess of earthly power, the ambition to be more than human, which their proverbs stigmatise. "A Czar, were he a leper, would pass for being healthy in body." "To speak evil even of a dead Czar is dangerous." "It does not matter whether a Czar be blind or not, you must bow down to him all the same"; nevertheless, "The ox of the Czar has only two horns like other oxen"; and "Even the Czar's vinegar will not do where sugar is wanted"; and "The Czar's hand has only five fingers."

One may take it that the peasant, by constantly repeating to himself the ills the Czar's flesh is heir to like his own, derives consolation for the grinding burdens laid upon him by the ruler and his Ministers; yet, every now and again the peasant breaks out in the shape of advice or downright censure. "Don't hurt your hand, little father; for if you do, we shall all be obliged to wear our arms in a sling"; for "When the Czar takes a pinch of snuff the whole of his people are bound to sneeze"; and "A tear in the Czar's eye causes great expense to his people in the way of handkerchiefs"; inasmuch as "When the Czar catches cold the whole of the country has a sore throat."

The Ministers and favourites fare generally worse in the people's proverbs than the Czar himself. "It is easier for the Czar to get rid of complaints than of cares"; and "When the Czar squints the Ministers are one-eyed and the peasants blind." "He who wishes to make sure of the Czar's favour must not neglect to secure the goodwill of his favourite flunkey"; because "The man who is allowed to milk the Czar's cows takes the butter and the cheese at the same time." That the Czar himself is frequently imposed upon the peasant does not deny. "The Czar who rides in a carriage with a hired horse pays as much for going a yard as other people for going a mile."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
T. ROBERTS (Hackney).—Your letter is the greatest compliment Mrs Baird's problem has yet received, you are so seldom baffled. The problem is quite right.

F. COLES (Oxford).—The solution was wrongly printed. The second move is Q to B 5th, and it will be found Black has never time to check with Knight.

W. P. PLUMMER and H. W. CARSON.—Thanks for your kind attention.

J. S. WESLEY (Exeter).—Thanks for the music and the interesting letter along with the solution. We quite agree with you.

E. W. BURNELL (Edgbaston).—Shall be examined.

E. P. VULLIAMY and CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Problems to hand with thanks.

F. N. BRAUND (Farnham).—Thanks for your letter.

F. W. ANDREW.—1. B to B 6th (ch) and 1. R to B 5th (ch) are both fatal moves to your last contribution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2712 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2717 from C. E. H. (Clifton); of No. 2718 from Tuxen (Newcastle); J. Bailey (Newark), H. Rodney, S. G. S., C. W. Smith (Stroud), J. F. Moon, Odham Club, Thomas Isaac (Maldon), H. E. Lee (Ipswich), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Congo Phillips.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2719 received from J. Hall, F. James (Wolverhampton), H. Rodney, Tuxen (Newcastle), S. G. S., Congo Phillips, C. E. H. (Clifton), J. F. Moon, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Joseph T. Pullen (Exeter), Captain Spencer, Hereward, Hermit, S. Davis (Leicester), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), James Gamble (Belfast), W. D. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. Coad, E. Loudon, H. T. Attelbury, Frater, C. M. A. B., J. Philpot (Bermondsey), H. E. Lee (Ipswich), J. Sowden, C. E. Perrugini, Sidney Williams (Crouch Hill), Shadforth, E. B. Foord (Cheltenham), F. Leete (Sudbury), Alpha, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Frank R. Pickering, W. T. Itallien, J. W. Bilbrough, James Lloyd, W. R. B. (Clifton), Mrs. Kelly (of Itally), Dr. F. St. M. Burke, B. Copland (Chelmsford), L. Desanges, R. Worters (Canterbury), F. Waller (Luton), T. Roberts, J. H. Downs (East Finchley), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), C. R. H., F. Anderson, T. Chown, A. J. Murton (Merthyr Tydfil), and F. A. Carter (Mallom).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2718.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

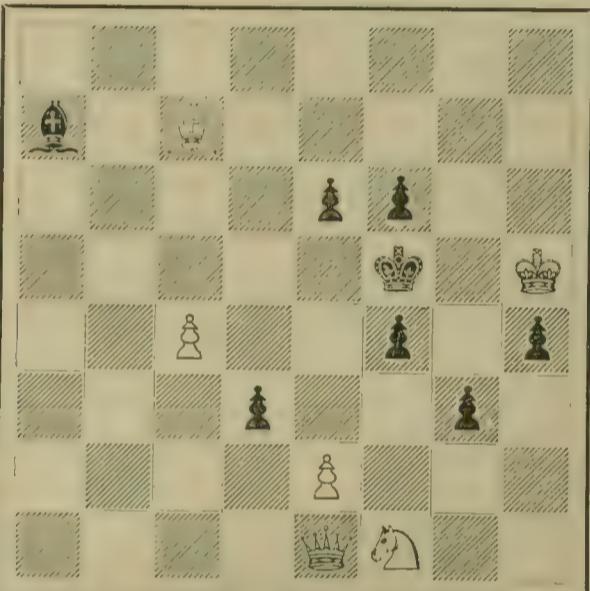
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 3rd K to Q 4th
2. Q to B 5th (ch) K to B 5th
3. Kt to Q 2nd, Mate

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then 2. Kt to R 2nd; 2. K to Kt 4th or to K 5th; 3. Q mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2721.

By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Divan Tourney between Messrs. TEICHMANN and CRESWELL.

(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt to R 4th	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	17. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	18. Kt (at Kt 3rd) to B 5 to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	19. Q to R 5th	Q to B 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	20. Q takes Q	R takes Q
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd	21. P takes P	P takes P
7. B takes Kt	Kt takes P	22. R takes P	B to Kt 2nd
8. P takes K	Kt to Kt 2nd	23. R to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th
9. P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd	24. Q R to Q sq	B to B 2nd
A well-known variation, much practised a few years ago.			
10. P to Kt 3rd		25. Kt to Q 6th	B takes Kt
To follow with B to Kt 2nd, bearing upon the Castled King, a very strong continuation, as the next few moves will show.			
11. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 4th	26. R takes B	R to K sq
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	27. R to K sq	B to B sq
P to Q 4th was the correct move at this point.			
13. Kt to K 4th		28. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 2nd
Well played. The Knight now occupies a commanding post.			
14. K to R sq	P to K B 4th	29. R takes R	Kt takes R
15. P to Q B 4th	P to K B 4th	30. R to Q 5th	
It will be found on examination this is the only reasonable move, bad as it is obviously.			
16. P tks P (en pas.)	P takes P	White had a more easy win now by R to Q 8th, but he played later a very difficult ending very well.	
The game was extended to about eighty moves, and White won with his Pawns.			

Game played at the Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR.

(Fianchetto Defence.)

WHITE (Amateur.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Amateur.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q, Kt 3rd	10. P to K B 4th	Kt to R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	11. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 2nd
3. B to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	12. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	13. B to Q 4th	P to K 4th
The object of this move is to Castle (Q R) and attack the King.			
5. P to Q B 3rd		14. P takes P	P takes P
Hardly necessary. Kt to Q 3rd was better.			
6. Castles	Kt to Q 3rd	15. B to K 2nd	R to Kt 2nd
7. B to K 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	16. Q to K 2nd	Kt takes R P
8. Kt takes Kt P		17. B to R 4th	Kt takes R
If B takes P the reply is the same, and the file is open for future possibilities.			
9. P to K B 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd	18. Q takes Kt	Q to R 3rd
10. Kt to R 3rd		19. Q to B 2nd	Kt takes Q P
White resigns.			

The finish from this point is interesting. It is hardly likely that White made the best defences, possibly he did not realise all the danger.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the Farnham Institute last week, when he encountered thirty opponents, twenty-seven of whom he defeated, while he drew against Messrs. Braund, E. A. Mason, and W. J. Walmsley.

The great match of one hundred players a side—North London v. South London—came off at the Cannon Street Hotel on May 7, when the former won with a score of 56½ against 43½.

A chess meeting over about a week will commence at the Craigside Hydro, Llandudno. The programme includes an open competition for the challenge cup, a handicap tournament, and a competition for the champion-ship of Wales.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

While, in common with many others, I regard cremation as the only rational and safe satisfactory solution of the burial question, we may not refuse, as a matter of fairness, to consider other propositions for the disposal of the dead in a manner consistent with the safety of the living. One of the latest phases of the sanitary burial question is found in what is known as Gooding's scheme, whereof a patented coffin forms the chief characteristic. The Sanitary Burial Association, Limited, I understand, has been formed to promulgate Mr. Gooding's views in a practical fashion. In a statement of these views which lies before me, I observe cremation is said to be objected to because of "sentiment and veneration for the dead." This opinion is entirely erroneous; and equally misleading is the notion that "the heavy expense entailed in the process of cremation is another consideration which cannot be ignored." There is the initial expense of erecting a crematorium, no doubt, but even that expense is a trifle when compared with the cost of purchasing cemetery ground, with all the chances of its being wholly unsuitable (as a soil) for the efficient disposal of the dead.

Mr. Gooding's plan of burial consists of a coffin essentially resembling that of the undertaker, but containing a concealed layer on the top, bottom, and sides. This layer, some two or three inches thick, is composed of "a chemical preparation" which, it is alleged, absorbs all moisture emanating from the body, and prevents the formation of dangerous gases after death. The body is thus said to be desiccated or dried up, "and in course of time silently and inoffensively becomes assimilated to the earth in which it is buried, without the intrusion of lower animal life." Now, I should have thought that if the object of burial is really to allow the kindly earth to mingle freely with the body that is (theoretically) interred in it, and so to decompose it naturally and inoffensively, the presence of a coffin is certainly an unnecessary item. In Mr. Gooding's system, I suppose, the mummification of the body is regarded as the essential feature; and whether that process will destroy disease germs or not remains to be seen. But as it is stated that the coffins may be made of papier-mâché or wicker-work (lead also is mentioned!), one begins to see that Mr. Gooding's scheme, if properly carried out, should resolve itself, first, into a plan of employing perishable coffins; secondly, of using his chemical preparation for the rendering of the body innocuous; and thirdly, of burial in a suitable soil which would favour early resolution of the body into its elements.

If imperishable coffins are to be used, I would energetically discountenance any scheme of this kind as opposed to cremation. There is really no choice save between true burial—that is, direct contact of the body with earth of suitable kind—and cremation. If the former process is to be in vogue, I do not see why we should not bury our dead in quicklime, a process which very soon disposes of the remains. The cemetery will still be required in any scheme other than cremation; and "the trappings and the suits of woe"—meaning in modern days a costly and entirely unnecessary undertaker's bill—will always be encouraged save when the purifying and consuming fire is employed to rid us reverently of our dead. Such proposals as those illustrated by Mr. Gooding's ideas exhibit an improvement on the common mode of burial, which is not "burial" at all; but they are only half-way houses, when all is said and done, on the highway which leads to the crematorium as the true and efficient substitute for the modern burial-ground and its untold horrors.

I have received a number of letters approving of my remarks on Mr. Bensusan's article on trained dogs and their tortures, the said article having been published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. I remarked that there were two sides to the story told by Mr. Bensusan, a point that gentleman himself noted; and the *Animal World*—the organ of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—endorses this opinion. At the annual meeting of the Battersea Dogs' Home Mr. John Colam, in response to a question, said that the difficulty which his Society was met with was that all the persons involved in Mr. Bensusan's charges were unknown, the places mentioned were unknown, and the circumstances and conditions were unknown. It is quite clear no Society can act in the way of prosecuting a person or persons for cruelty to animals save where evidence justifying action can be obtained, therefore it remains for music-hall proprietors and managers to offer such evidence to the Society; and,

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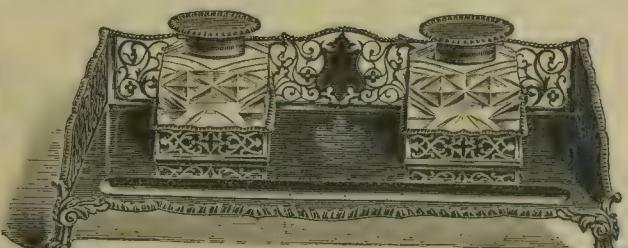
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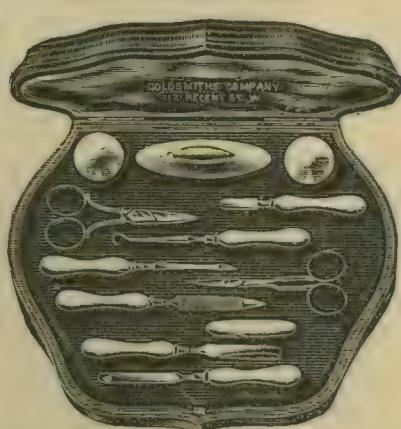
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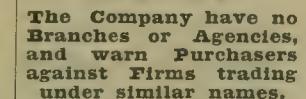
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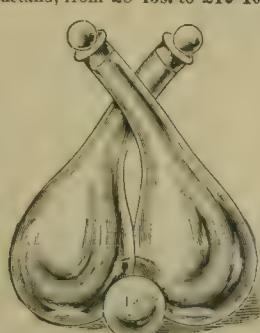
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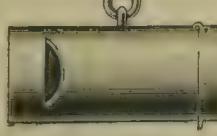
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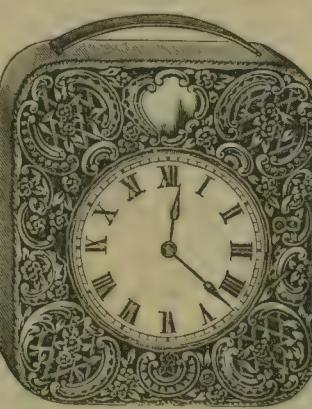
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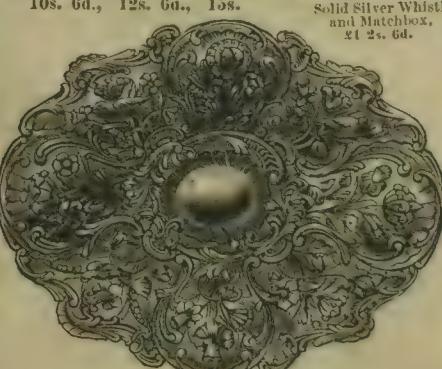
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated May 10, 1895) of Mr. James Hack Tuke, of Hitchin, Herts, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Sharples and Co., bankers, who died on Jan. 13; was proved on May 8 by William Murray Tuke, the brother, Edward Barber Lindsell, and Benjamin Seebom, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £92,631. The testator gives his house and garden at Bancroft, Hitchin, with such of the household furniture and effects as she may select and £20,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Mary Tuke, during life or widowhood. £1000, and £10,000 upon trust, for his son Samuel Tuke; £500, and £5000 upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Janson Tuke; two sums of £5000 each to follow the trusts of the settlement made on the marriage of his daughter Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Lindsell; £1500 to Edward Barber Lindsell; £200 to Benjamin Seebom; £200 to the North Herts and South Beds Infirmary; £100 each to his nephew Henry Tuke Mennell, his brother William Murray Tuke, his sister Esther Tuke, and Howard Hodgkin; £100 each to his grandchildren and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two fourths thereof for his son Samuel, one fourth, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret, and the remaining one fourth upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Lindsell. Certain sums advanced by testator to his children are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1885) of Mr. Edward

Hodgson, J.P., of West Mount, York, and formerly of Hartlepool, Durham, who died on March 11, was proved on April 14 in the District Registry at York by Mrs. Catharine Hodgson, the widow, and Miss Elizabeth Hodgson, the daughter, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to £92,029. The testator gives £200, his household furniture and effects, and the use for life of his plate and pictures, to his wife; and £500 to his daughter, Elizabeth Hodgson. He devises his real estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his daughter, for life, and at her death to her children as she shall appoint. The residue of his personal estate he leaves as to one half, upon trust, for his wife, and the other half, and upon the death of his wife, the whole amount, upon trust, for his said daughter.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1891), with three codicils (dated Nov. 9, 1891, April 19, 1894, and Feb. 12, 1895) of Sir George Allanson Cayley, Bart., J.P., D.L., of The Hall, Brompton, York, and Ilkler Park, St. Asaph, who died at Port Said, Egypt, on Oct. 10, was proved at the York District Registry on April 29, by Sir George Everard Arthur Cayley, the son, and Richard Frederick Birch, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £62,274. The testator charges the settled family estates with the payment of £10,000 to his son, Digby William Cayley, on his marriage, with interest in the meantime. He states that he has an equitable charge of £52,561 on the Ebberston and Allerton estates,

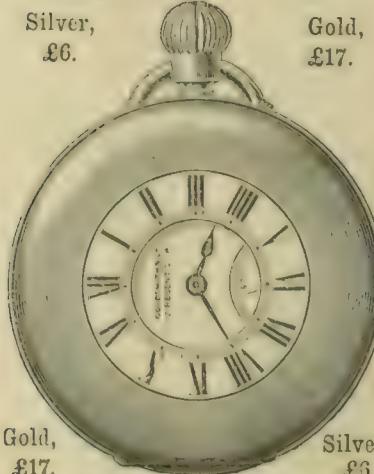
he now gives thereout an annuity of £320 and the capital sum of £8000, on her marriage, to his daughter, Ethel Barbara Cayley. The remainder of the said sum of £52,561 and all his real estate are to go with the settled family estates. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife, Lady Cayley.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1894) of Mr. Childers Charles Radford, J.P., of Tansley Wood, Crick, Derby, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on May 9 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Radford, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £60,070. The testator bequeaths (subject to the life interest of his wife) the painting of Harry Daniel Mander, by Gainsborough; portraits of Lord Eardley and Mrs. Fowler; a small water-colour by Colonel Michael Childers, a painting of Mrs. Walbanke Childers; and certain cups and saucers, the property of Napoleon I., brought from Malmaison after the battle of Waterloo by Colonel Michael Childers, to the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, or, if he should be dead, to his son, Major Spencer Childers; and £100 to his servant George Smith. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1894) of Mr. Randall Glynes, of 119, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, who died on March 24, was proved on April 28 by William John Brutty, the son-in-law, and Miss Elizabeth Alice Glynes, the daughter, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £26,138. The testator bequeaths

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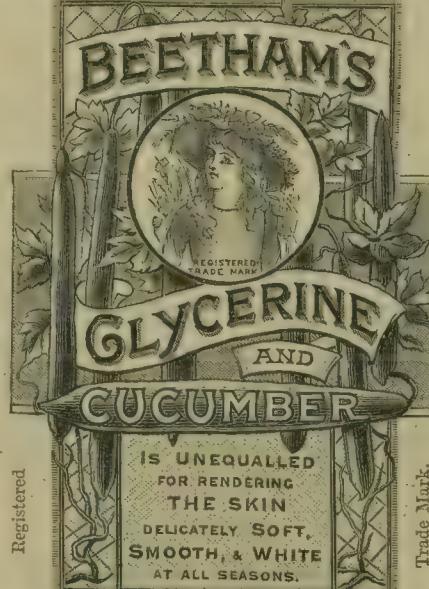
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£6000, upon trust, for his two daughters Elizabeth Alice and Jessie for their lives and the life of the survivor of them; £1000 each, upon trust, for his grandsons Arthur Leslie Jones and Stewart Jones; £500 each to his sons Webster, John, Edward, and Arthur; £200 each to his said two daughters; £250 and £50 as executor to William John Bruty; and pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, friends, clerk, and servants. He devises four freehold houses at Brighton, upon trust, to pay £120 per annum to his son Charles Annis, and, subject to providing a reserve fund, the remainder of the income to his two grandsons Arthur Leslie Jones and Stewart Jones. On the death of his said son the houses are to be sold, and one third of the proceeds is to go to his said two grandsons. His freehold property at Bierton, near Aylesbury, he gives, upon trust, for his son Webster for life. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one fifth thereof each, to his sons Webster, John, Edward, and Arthur; and one fifth to his grandson John Glynes Bruty.

The will (dated July 9, 1895) of Mrs. Agnes Ann Hughes, widow of William F. Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, of Penheale, Gipsy Hill, who died on March 25 at Malo les Bains, France, was proved on April 29 by Edgar Morris Brandon, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5602. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to the Mayor of Boulogne for the erection on the quay of a drinking fountain for wayfarers and cattle, to be named "The Gift of Agnes Windham Hughes"; her baby

clothing to Mademoiselle Tussauds; £1000 each to her husband, Rowland James Hughes, and her sisters, Mrs. Denny and Emma Rogers; £500 each to her nieces, Beatrice Alice Denny and Thirza Victoria Denny; £105 to her executor; and many small bequests to relatives. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband, but she goes on to state that she may succeed by the death of some other person to further property, and, if so, any property she may so succeed to is to be divided between her husband and her said two nieces.

The will of Mr. Charles Wilson, of Glendouran, Cheltenham, who died on April 5, was proved on April 22 by Harold Charles Wilson and Walter Gerald Gurney, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9745.

The will of Mr. William Buckingham, J.P., of 12, Southernhay, Exeter, and Northcote Manor, Burrington, Devon, who died on Dec. 1, has been proved by Arthur William Buckingham and the Rev. Mortimer Drury Buckingham, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,934.

For the present Whitsuntide season the South-Eastern Railway Company announce cheap Saturday to Monday excursions to Boulogne; cheap fares to the same gay resort by several of the ordinary trains; cheap fourteen-day fares to Brussels and back; and an inexhaustible variety of special holiday fares.

THE CABLES OF THE EMPIRE.

Mr. Chamberlain has summoned a conference to meet at the Colonial Office which may have momentous results for the British Empire. This is the Pacific Cable Conference, over which it is understood the Colonial Secretary will himself preside. Great Britain will be represented by two delegates; Canada by Mr. Sandford Fleming, to whose engineering skill the Canadian Pacific Railway is in no small measure due, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the veteran statesman who began life as an Ontario printer, and only the other day stepped down from the Canadian Premiership; while Australasia has deputed two of the best known of the Agents-General to act as her spokesmen—namely, Sir Saul Samuel and Mr. Duncan Gillies.

No one can glance at a telegraph-map of the British Empire without realising in what an unsatisfactory position our cable system is. Lord Wolseley has declared it to be unwise and suicidal to depend upon our present lines of communication in times of danger, and recent events have lent peculiar force to that declaration. It was by the merest chance that we heard in this country of the Jameson raid before it actually took place. Just before the raid, the cable on the east coast route of Africa broke between Aden and Zanzibar, and at that moment, when the good faith of England, the security of millions of British capital, and the lives of thousands of British subjects were at stake, all telegraphic touch with South Africa was dependent upon

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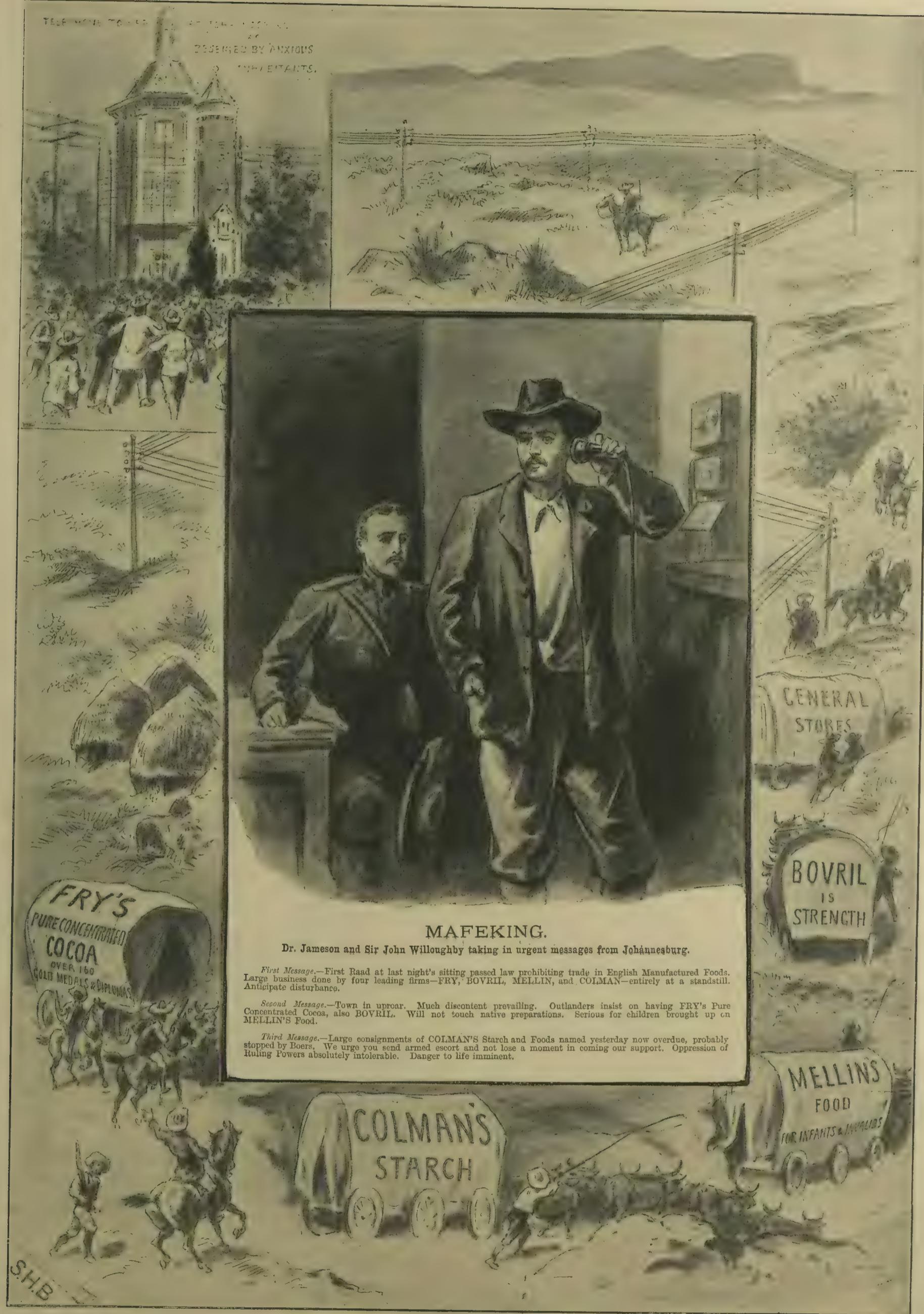
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THE TRANSVAAL: SOME MORE SECRETS REVEALED.

New and important reasons alleged as the cause of the appeal to Dr. Jameson by the inhabitants of Johannesburg.

the fickle line along the fever-stricken west coast of Africa. How near we came to absolute isolation may be judged from the fact that only a short time after the raid, and while things were still in a state of acute crisis, the casual burning of refuse-heaps on the shore of that west coast cut off all communication by that route. Had those refuse-heaps happened to catch the watchful eyes of the so-called "sanitary authorities" a few days earlier, no word of the Jameson raid could have reached Downing Street, no reassuring message would have been sent to the angry Boers, and all South Africa must have been ablaze with a deadly race feud before we so much as knew that anything was amiss.

But even apart from natural and inevitable cable breaks and inconvenient rubbish-heaps, our cable communications, while most serviceable when all is quiet, are strangely inefficient for times of danger. Let trouble break out in the Mediterranean or the Red Sea, and naval authorities agree that one of the first acts of the enemy would be to cut the cables—an easy enough operation in those waters. At one stroke that would isolate Great Britain from South Africa by the main east coast route, as well as from India and from Australia, unless it is to be supposed that we should be allowed to use the still more doubtful and circuitous telegraph line via Siberia. What is to become

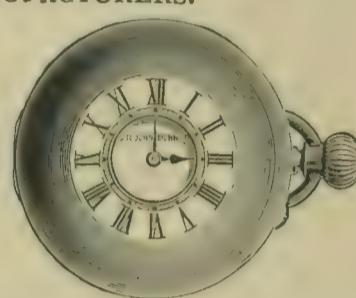
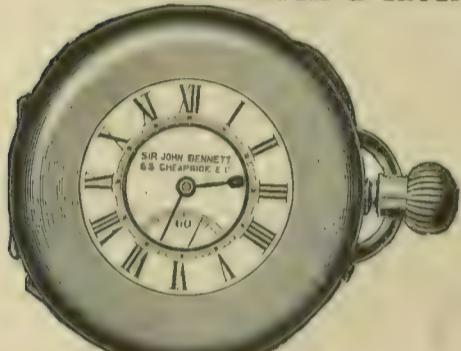
of a scattered empire in such a strait as that? And even if the cables in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea remained intact there are numerous French, Portuguese, and other foreign stations at which the cables land, and at any one of which the line of communication may be snapped at the will of an enemy. Similarly, the West Indies have no means of communicating with the Mother Country, except by lines through revolution-ruined Cuba and the United States, or through the perpetually troubled republics of Central America, so that the French, Spanish, Danish, or United States Governments are in a position to control and suspend telegraphic communication between Great Britain and her West Indian islands at any moment.

It is out of such conditions as these that has arisen the demand for all-British cables, touching only on British soil, and as inviolable in times of danger as cables can be made. The first step is the construction of the cable from Canada to Australia across the Pacific, to complete the arrangements for which Mr. Chamberlain has summoned the conference. The Imperial Government, Canada, and Australasia will, it is expected, each contribute a third of the cost. Tenders submitted to the Canadian Government place the initial cost and maintenance for three years at £1,800,000, leaving, it is estimated—on

the basis of a reduced rate, from 4s. 9d. to 3s. per word—a surplus at the end of ten years of £750,000. An extension of this much-needed Pacific cable from Australia to South Africa would present little difficulty, and the Mauritius, India, and other possessions would in time be brought within the all-British cable zone. That is, of course, in the future. In the present is the completion of an all-British cable to Australia, via Canada, and a most necessary spur to the West Indies from Bermuda. The colonists in Canada, Australasia, and the West Indies are ready with their money on the counter, and it is for the Conference to say whether, following the example of the British inland telegraph system, the undertaking shall be a joint-Government enterprise, or be undertaken by a subsidised company.

A remarkable disaster took place at the Hull Docks on Friday, May 15. A new dock for fishing vessels, constructed by the North-Eastern Railway Company, was almost ready to be filled with water; caissons, with gates, were fixed as temporary protection to the entrance; these gave way at high tide, and the water suddenly rushed in, doing much damage, crushing several small vessels, but causing no loss of life.

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PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT. CHEAP TRAINS, Every Saturday, to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, from Victoria, 1 p.m., Clapham Junction, 1.5 p.m.; from London Bridge, 2.30 p.m.; and Kensington (Addison Road), 12.45 p.m., returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

Return Fares, London to Portsmouth Town, 6s. 4d. For Isle of Wight connection, through Cheap Return Tickets to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, available for one or more days, see handbills.

BRIGHTON.—FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains, according to Class, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 22, 23, and 24, including the **SPECIAL TRAINS** (2.5 p.m., from Brixton (Addison Road), 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, and from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon).

Returning by any Train, according to Class, on any day up to and including Wednesday, May 27. Fares from London, 1s., ss. 6d., 2s. 4d.

EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m., and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Weekday, 10.5 a.m.; every Sunday, 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, Weekdays, 1s. 6d.; Sundays, 1s. 6d. Every Saturday Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 1s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—FAST TRAINS every Week-day. From Victoria, 9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.25 p.m., also 4.30 p.m., and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only. From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.50 p.m.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Small Bills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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For the NORWAY FIORDS, June 23, for 21 days. July 11 for 15 days.

For NORWAY FIORDS, VAOSO (for Solar Eclipse), and SPITZBERGEN, July 22, for 27 days.

At the most northerly point of this Cruise the Sun will be above the Horizon at Midnight.

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SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO BOULOGNE.—Charing Cross dep. 3.5 p.m., Cannon Street 3.12 p.m., London Bridge 3.16 p.m., and New Cross 3.22 p.m. Saturday, May 23, 21s. (1st class), 12s. 6d. (3rd class). Returning at 4.30 p.m. on Whit Monday. Cheap Tickets by certain Trains will be issued on May 22, 23, and 24, available until 12.30 a.m. Service from Brixton 2.30 p.m., on Whit Monday, May 28, 30s. (1st class), 25s. (2nd class), 19s. (3rd class).

PARIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only) and 8.15 p.m. on Saturday, May 23, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8.15 p.m. May 21 to 25, 5s. (1st class), 37s. 6d. (2nd class), 30s. (3rd class, and by 8.15 p.m. Train only). Tickets available for 14 days.

CALAIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. Whit Monday, 15s. (1st class), 10s. (3rd class). Returning same day 4.30 p.m. on Whit Monday. Cheap Tickets by certain Trains will be issued on May 22, 23, and 24, available until 1.30 a.m. Service from Calais on Thursday, May 28, 31s. (1st class), 26s. (2nd class), 20s. (3rd class). Cheap Saturday May 29, 10s. (1st class) and 7s. (2nd class). Tickets will be issued on May 23.

BRUSSELS, via Calais.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 54s. (1st class), 40s. 6d. (2nd class), 25s. 9d. (3rd class, and by 8.15 p.m. Train only). Tickets available for 14 days.

BRUSSELS via Ostend.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 5.35 p.m. (1st and 2nd class only), and 8.15 p.m. (3rd class, 7s. 7d. (1st class), 30s. 6d. (2nd class), 19s. 11d. (3rd class)). May 21 to 25. Tickets available for 8 days.

OSTEND.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35, and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (1st class), 25s. 6d. (2nd class), 20s. (3rd class). Tickets available for 14 days.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge and New Cross to	WHIT SUNDAY.	WHIT MONDAY.		
Train.	Return Fares 3rd Class.	Train.	Return Fares 3rd Class.	
TUN. WELLS ..	a.m. —	s. d. 8.30	s. d. 4 0	
HASTINGS ..	7.30	3 0	8.30	5 0
ASHFORD ..	7.40	4 0	7.15	3 6
CANTERBURY ..	7.40	4 0	7.15	5 0
DEAL ..	7.40	4 0	7.15	5 0
WALMER ..	7.40	4 0	7.15	5 0
RAMSGATE ..	7.40	4 0	7.15	5 0
MARGATE ..	7.40	4 0	7.15	5 0
HYTHE ..	7.50	3 6	7.0	5 0
SANDGATE ..	7.50	3 6	7.0	5 0
LEEDS STONE ..	7.50	4 0	7.0	5 0
DOVER ..	7.50	4 0	7.0	5 0
ALDERSEY C.P. 10.15	2 6	—	—	
GRAVESSEND	Any train.	1 6	Any train. 1 6	
ROCHESTER ..	8.22	2 6	8 0 & 10 0 2 6	
CHATHAM ..	8.22	2 6	8 0 & 10 0 2 6	
SHEERNESS ..	9.10	2 6	9 10 2 6	

* Not calling at New Cross.

Cheap Return 3rd class Tickets to Reading will be issued by certain Trains from London stations on Whit Monday, but not from New Cross.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHerville GARDENS), &c.

SPECIAL NOTE.—The Cheap Friday or Saturday to Monday Trains to CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, issued on May 22 and 23, and similar Cheap Tickets to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, and HASTINGS, issued on May 22, 23, and 24 will be available for the Return Journey up to Wednesday, May 27. The Cheap Sunday to Monday Tickets to RAMSGATE, MARGATE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, and HASTINGS, issued on Whit Sunday, will be available to return any day up to and including Wednesday, May 27.

For full particulars of the Return Times of Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, Manager, Passenger Department.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK,

Steamers of the United Steam-Ship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkerston Quay) for ESBJERG on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 7.15 p.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares—Esbjerg, 33s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by Steam-Ships KOLDINGHUS and NIDAROS. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JUNE, Third Edition.

containing VALE, by James Payn.—CLARISSA FURIOSA, by W. E. NORRIS, Chaps. XXI. to XXIV.—MEN AND MANNERS, by F. DEAN WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, and HASTINGS, issued on May 22, 23, and 24 will be available for the Return Journey up to Wednesday, May 27. The Cheap Sunday to Monday Tickets to RAMSGATE, MARGATE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, and HASTINGS, issued on Whit Sunday, will be available to return any day up to and including Wednesday, May 27.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

PARLIAMENT.

The most significant piece of Parliamentary history is the dislocation of the Irish-Radical alliance by the Education Bill. The main body of the Irish members supported the second reading, and this has given deadly offence to many Nonconformist Liberals. The Bill offers certain advantages to denominational education, and the Irish party claim those advantages for Catholic schools in England. On the other hand, the Radical Nonconformists, to whom the Bill is hateful, declare that in voting for it the Nationalists have struck a blow at Home Rule. It is a very pretty quarrel, which naturally strikes the Ministerialists as rather piquant. Progress has been made with Supply, but the discussion of the Agricultural Rating

Bill in Committee is protracted and extremely dull. The Opposition are carrying out their threat to fight the Bill at every point. They have compiled in the same spirit a series of amendments to the Education Bill, and the prospect of putting not only these important measures but also the Irish Land Bill on the Statute-book this year is clouded. Every day's proceedings of the Commons are varied by sparkling little skirmishes between the Colonial Secretary and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. Sir Ellis does not approve of Mr. Chamberlain's policy in South African affairs, and he is almost as active in guerilla warfare as in the days of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. Sir William Wedderburn is gravely displeased with Lord George Hamilton's management of the Indian Cotton Duties, and he moved the adjournment of the House to discuss a

question which, in the judgment of Sir Henry Fowler, could not have been raised at a more inopportune moment. Altogether the fortunes of the Opposition are not bright, but there is a considerable dead weight in the path of the Government, despite the frequent use of the closure.

London on Saturday, having adopted a good Manchester custom of late years, in aid of the funds of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, displayed effective processions north and south of the Thames, chiefly from Camden Town and Kentish Town, and from Southwark and Lambeth, to the Imperial Institute at Kensington. Performances were given of drill, gymnastics, and special exercises; and there was a religious service in the Royal Albert Hall.

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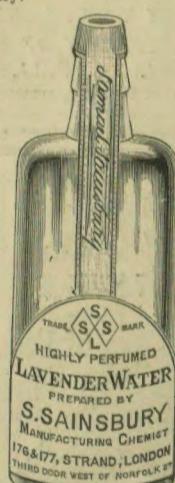
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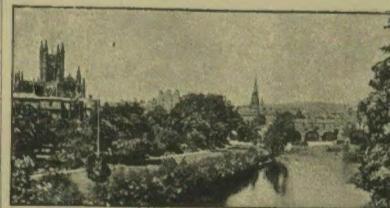
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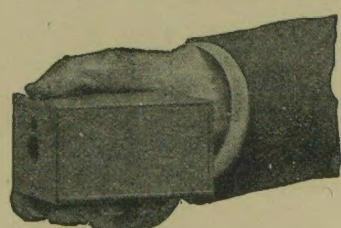
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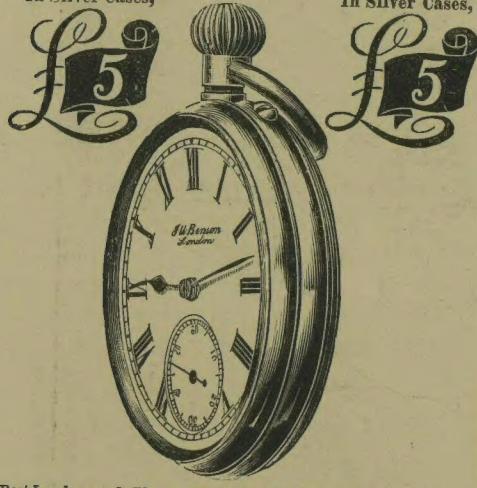
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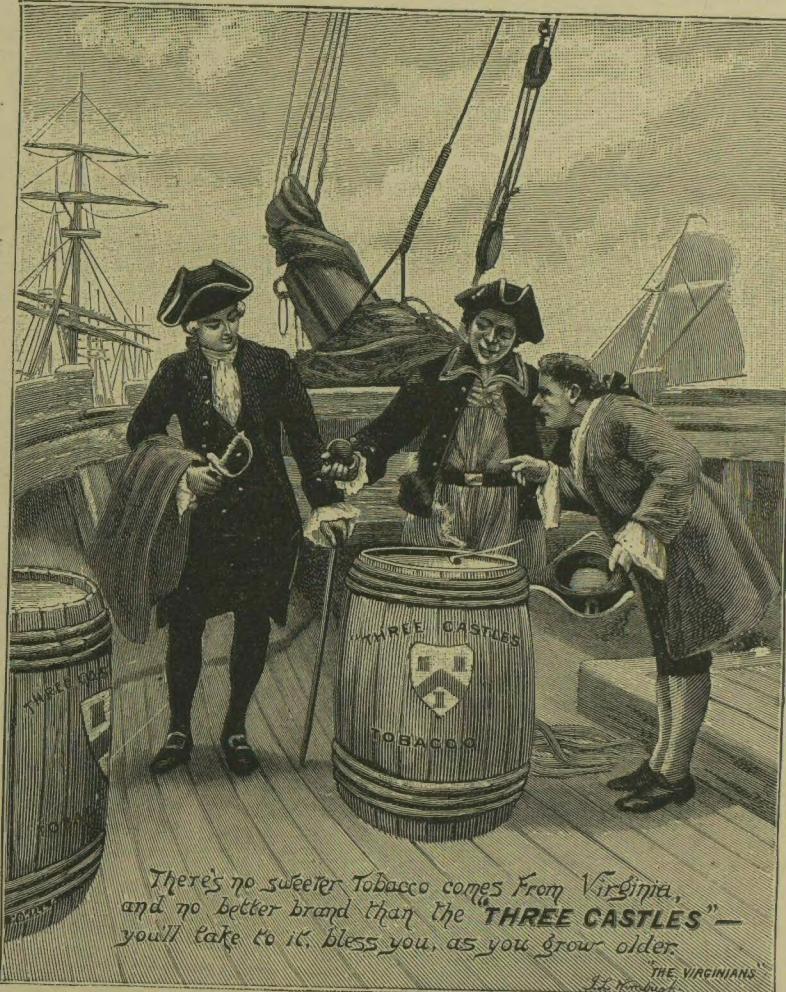
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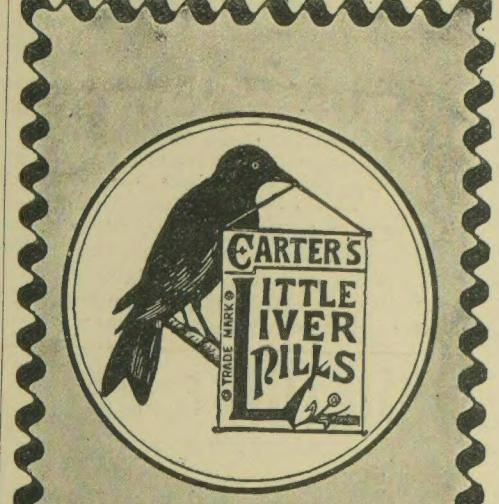
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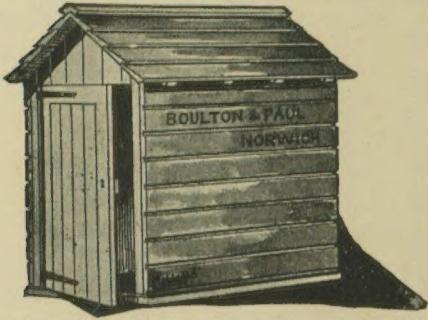
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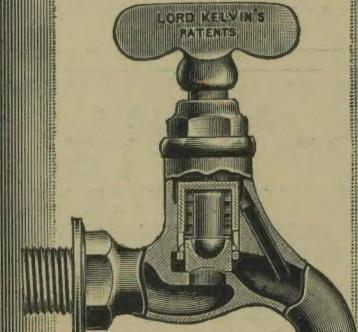
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